

LIFE

**THE PRESIDENT
AND VIETNAM**



THE BABY RIDDLE

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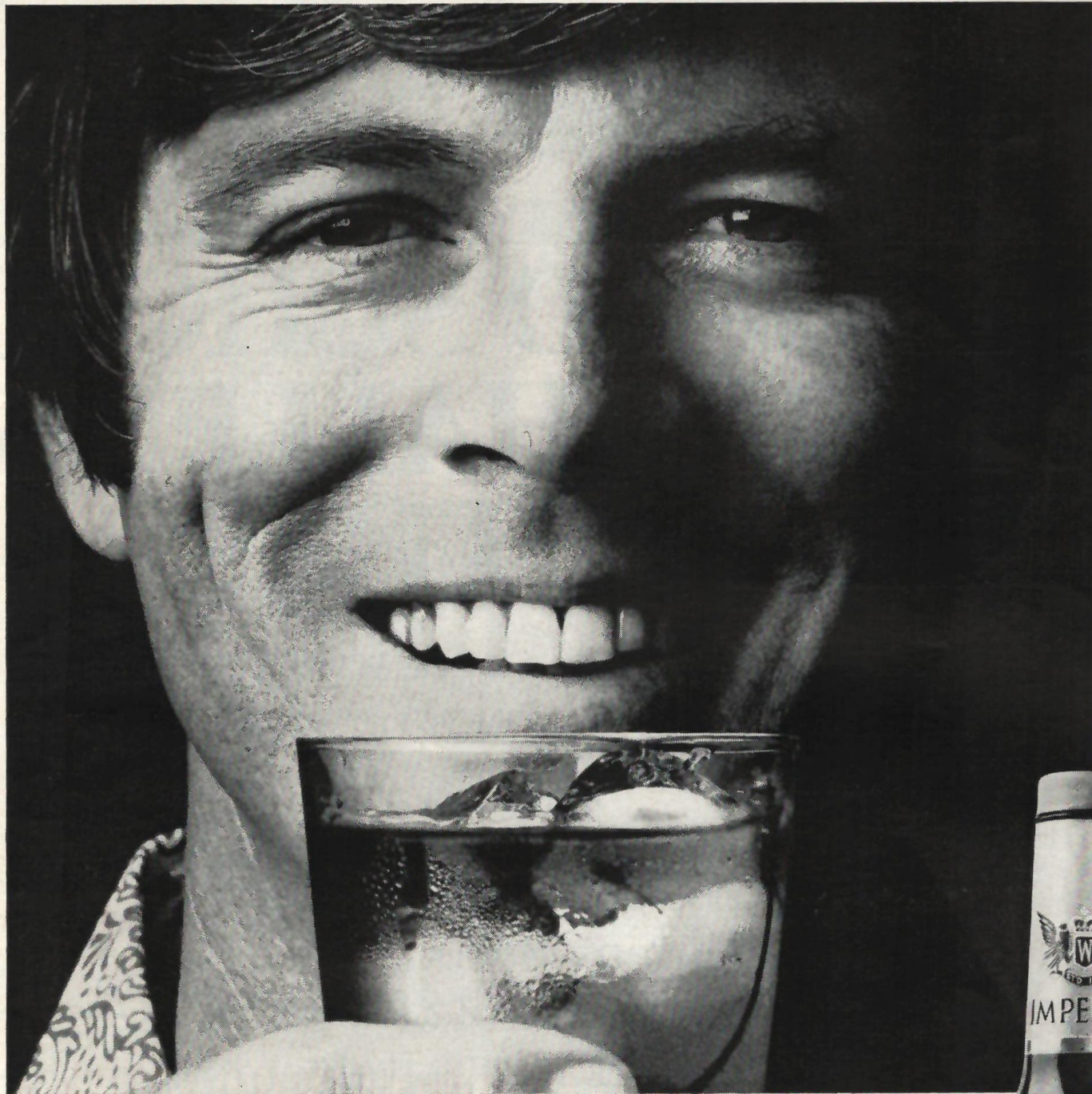
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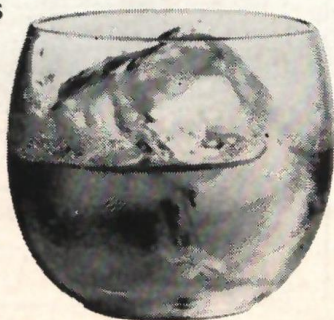
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CONTENTS

EDITORS' NOTE

The Beat of Life	4
Hope in a mine disaster. Two finals. Saving a figurehead. War victims in Hué. Blockade on the Southern Pacific	
Escalation in Vietnam	38
How the President made his decision. By Hugh Sidey	
Editorials	42
The Vietnam tragedy	
The Crucial Math of Motherhood	46
Can we continue to grow? New perspective on population	
The War Against Children	54
A compassionate juvenile court judge tries to help tomorrow's criminals. By James Mills. Illustrations by Alan E. Cober	
The 'Weaker Sex' Comes on Strong	67
Down to the Sea in Shoes	73
Nautical inventions with dry-land convenience	
Harold Geneen Has No Time To Be Nice	78
Close-up of the chairman of ITT by Stanley Brown	
Far Out Pioneer	82
On the way to Jupiter, a U.S. spacecraft makes man's farthest reach into space	
Parting Shots	85
Chess Champion Bobby Fischer is deep in training. By Brad Darrach	
DEPARTMENTS	
REVIEWS	18-28
Disney's wonderful world is not Cyclops's Sunday evening dish of tea	
Film critic Richard Schickel likes Woody Allen in <i>Play It Again, Sam</i>	
Simone de Beauvoir's huge new study on how society treats the aging is reviewed by Marcia Seligson	
Joseph Kastner has some kind words for the weeds in your garden	
35 YEARS AGO IN LIFE The <i>Hindenburg</i> disaster	32
LETTERS TO THE EDITORS	36A

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COVER—MICHAEL MAUNEY 3-t. WALTER DARAN 4, 5—RALPH CRANE 6—KEYSTONE 7—NEIL LEIFER for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED 8, 9—JON FRANCIS PETRIE 10, 11—DAVID BURNETT 12—UPI 18—illustration by BERNARD WABER—PARAMOUNT PICTURES 22—PIERRE BOULAT 28—drawing by JERRY MARTIN 32, 33—lt. © NEA-DODD, MEAD & CO. (2)—WORLD WIDE PHOTOS; rt. UPI 34—lt. UPI—© PRESS PUBLISHING CO.; rt. UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—BROWN BROTHERS 38, 40, 41—OFFICIAL WHITE HOUSE PHOTOGRAPHS 45, 47—t. LABORATORY FOR COMPUTER GRAPHICS AND SPATIAL ANALYSIS, HARVARD UNIVERSITY (2) 48—lt. illustrations by O. HARTWELL 49—rt. POPULATION REFERENCE BUREAU—MICHAEL MAUNEY 50—THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE—NEBRASKA STATE HISTORICAL SOC.—RALPH CRANE 52A—BARON WOLMAN 52B—WALTER BENNETT for TIME, DICK SWANSON 54 through 64—illustrations by ALAN E. COBER 67, 68, 70—RALPH CRANE 78, 79—WALTER BENNETT for TIME 80—lt. DON CARL STEFFEN from RAPHO-GUILLET for TIME; rt. WALTER BENNETT for TIME 82, 83—HENRY GROSINSKY; inset photos—bot. lt. RUSS KINNE © PHOTO RESEARCHERS, NASA—© CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY; cen. NASA; t. rt. DR. R. LYND, KITT PEAK NATIONAL OBSERVATORY 85, 86, 87, 88—HARRY BENSON

May 19, 1972

Volume 72, Number 19

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18,000,000 images plus a little 'gravy'

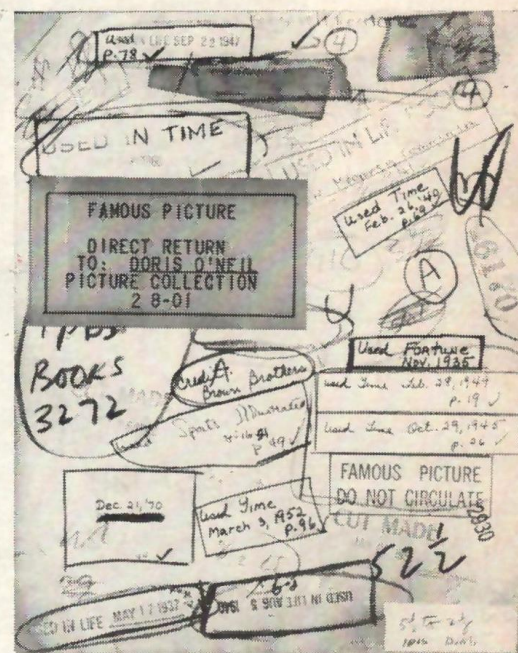
On page 34 of this week's issue ("35 Years Ago in LIFE") you'll see a picture of Teddy Roosevelt laughing. It's probably not the first or even the second time you've seen it. It's a "best seller" that has earned Brown Bros., its owners, many thousands of dollars since it was shot in 1912. But what you've never seen before is the *back* of Teddy's picture (below). The backs of old photographs, like the belabeled sides of old suitcases, are a sort of instant-travelogue. Deciphering this one, for example, you learn that this picture of Teddy has, over the years, appeared three times in LIFE, five times in Time, once in Fortune, twice in Sports Illustrated, once in Time-Life Books' *The Meaning of Communism*—and finally wound up in our "Famous Picture" file. This treasure trove, the starting point of our nostalgia feature, "Years Ago in LIFE," is literally an old scrapbook of 500 photographs put together years ago by Doris O'Neil, curator of LIFE's picture collection, who did it mostly in self-defense. "We get more than 16,000 picture requests a year from editors and reporters," Doris explains, "and an awful lot of them begin with 'Do you remember that great shot of . . . ?' followed by a scrambled recollection of Rita Hayworth in a black nightgown, the *Hindenburg* exploding [see pp. 32-33], the angry monkey, college students stuffed in a telephone booth, or a hundred other LIFE landmarks. I finally had to systematize it."

Doris O'Neil has been systematizing pictures since she was 6, when she began cutting and sorting them out of magazines during a siege of scarlet fever. She is now in charge of 18 million images, the largest indexed collection of photographs in the world. About a third of the pictures are codified as subjects—nonsense ones like Animals, Dairy Products, Housing and War, or more intangible ones, known to picture insiders as "gravy," like Grief, Poverty or Summer. The rest are people.

New pictures by our staff get an assignment number. Carl Mydans's essay on Texas, shot in 1936, is Story No. 1. Ralph Crane's poignant shot (see pp. 4-5) of miners' families is No. 87,265. Sometimes a picture says many things: the one on pp. 40-41 will be cross-filed according to names. It will also have a card called "US—Gov't—Cabinet—Nixon, Richard M.—'72"; another entitled "Vietnam—Politics—Revolution—Vietcong—Strategy—'72"; a third saying "US—Gov't—Presidency—Buildings—White House—Interior—'72." The picture will also be cross-indexed for specialists as "Lights—Fixtures—Chandeliers." And finally, as "gravy," it will go on a card marked "Applause."



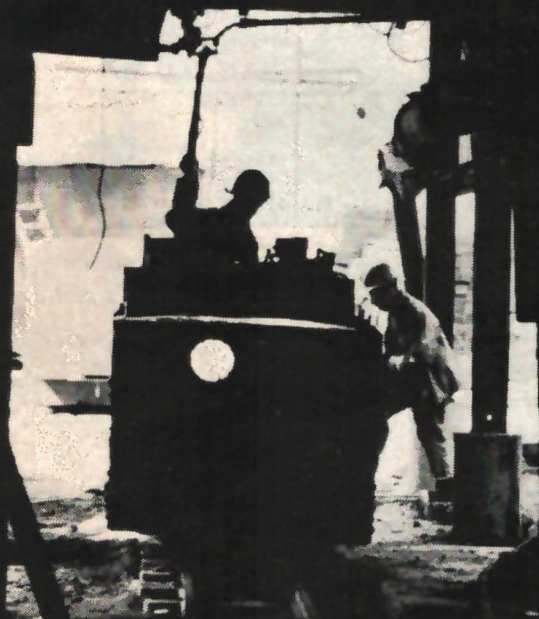
Curator Doris O'Neil and the back of Teddy Roosevelt's picture



Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES, Managing Editor

The Beat of Life



Somberly, relatives waited and watched as rescue attempts at the Sunshine Silver Mine near Kellogg, Idaho went on. Ninety-three miners were trapped deep below the surface. After a week, two men were found alive and wild hope surged through the community. But finally the last areas of the mine were reached, and there were no more survivors.





Ball control—you do or you don't. Wilt Chamberlain overwhelmingly did. The big man scored, rebounded and fed the ball off in a thicket of New York Knicks, leading the Los Angeles Lakers to

their first NBA title ever. And Leeds won its first British Football championship ever when Arsenal goalie Geoff Barnett failed at ball control for one instant, letting in the only goal of the day.





The bowsprit figurehead presides over the worst indignity a ship can suffer. The 960-ton *Carthaginian*, one of the last square-riggers in the Hawaiian Islands, had been on the way from Maui to Honolulu when she hit a reef and began to sink. While salvagers were deciding what to do, the owners removed the nameless figurehead and brought it ashore.









As the North Vietnamese prepare to assault Hué, the city's refugee-swollen population was already fleeing to the south. Some were forced to leave: the women on these pages were loaded onto boats and carried off to places like Danang because South Vietnamese officials suspected they were Viet-cong sympathizers. Even when they demanded to stay (below), they were refused.



Attempting "a blockade of military supplies just like Nixon's," demonstrators held up a Southern Pacific freight near Davis, Calif. for six hours, protesting the President's Vietnam escalation.



**If you don't take care of this tooth,
the permanent one might not be so cute.**

Somehow, a lot of people figure it doesn't really matter if a "baby tooth" gets a cavity. After all, it's just a little temporary tooth.

But it really does matter. First, the tooth is so small, a cavity in it can be a big problem. So, the tooth might have to be pulled.

Then, the space left by the pulled tooth can cause bad spacing of the permanent teeth which can affect anything from your child's bite to his appearance.

So it makes sense to take care of those first little teeth just like you would big teeth. With the right foods, regular checkups, and brushing after every meal with a good toothpaste.

We hope that toothpaste will be Crest.



“Touching”



How good it is with Winston's finer flavor

Just how good is Winston? It's America's largest-selling cigarette.
That's how good it is!
Yes, Winston Tastes Good Like a Cigarette Should.

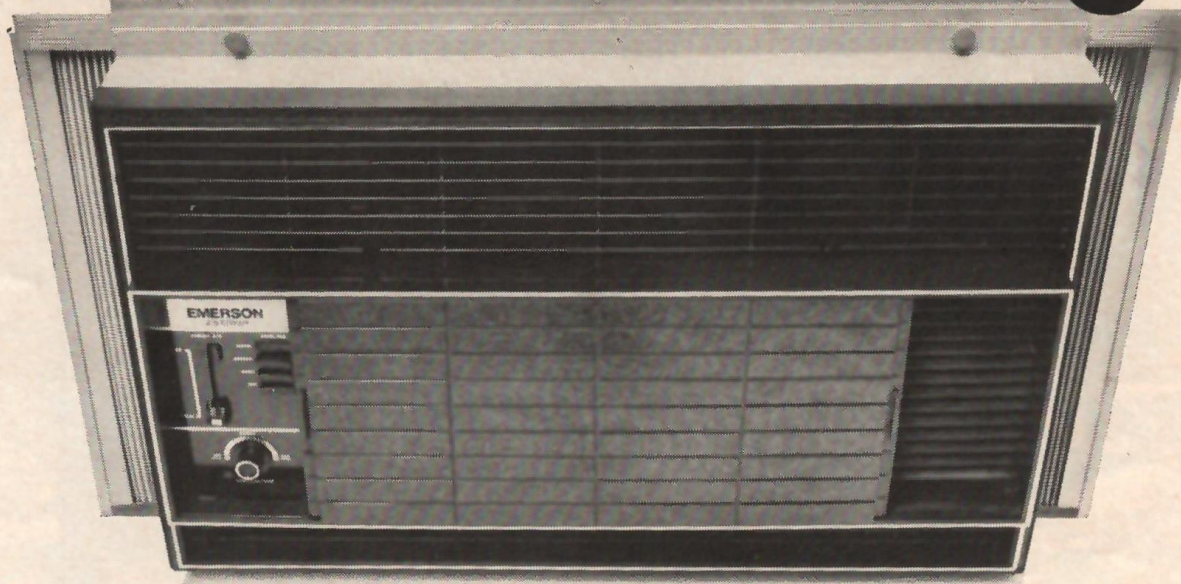


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Warning: The Surgeon General
Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Emerson unconfuses air conditioning



We believe that facts make customers. For us.

To a lot of people today, air conditioning is still a mystery. Some have never found satisfactory answers to their questions. Others don't even know the basic functions of an air conditioner—cooling, dehumidifying, circulating, and cleaning or filtering.

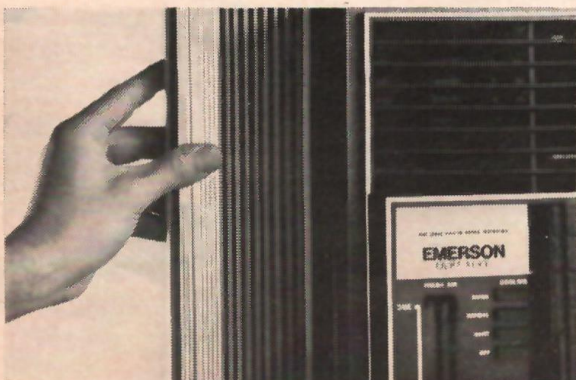
The fact is, you don't have to be a technical genius to pick out the right air conditioner. Or a master mechanic to put it to work. And Emerson Quiet Kool is here to prove it.

How much cooling?

Air conditioner cooling capacity is rated in BTU (British Thermal Units) per hour.

Unless you're an engineer, you're probably not equipped to figure out how many of these BTU you need. But your Emerson Quiet Kool dealer is. He has a comfort guide that can help you buy an air conditioner that won't undercool your room or overcool it. Give him your room dimensions, and tell him about your draperies, window exposures, appliances and lights—and whether your room is used mostly by day or night. You'll get a unit with the necessary capacity for the space you need to cool.

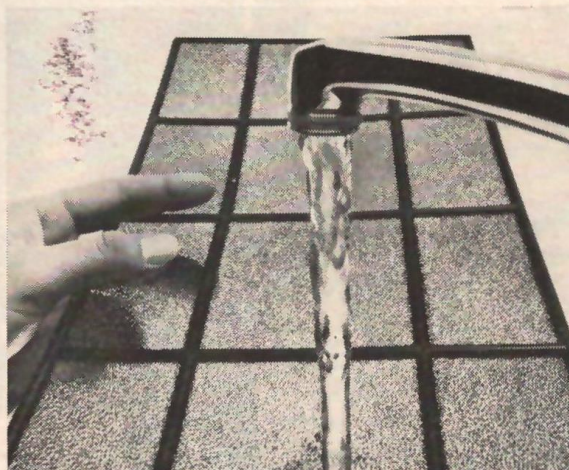
Installing your unit.



Once you've determined the capacity you need, how do you get your air conditioner installed?

Some people think it takes a crew of muscular men and a large crane. But with an Emerson Quiet Kool, you and one other person should be able to do it handily. Without knocking holes in your wall or glass from your window.

Keeping it clean.



All air conditioner manufacturers tell you to keep your filter clean. Because a clean filter helps the unit operate at normal cooling efficiency.

Unfortunately, in a lot of units, the filter is in an inaccessible position and difficult to remove.

With most Emerson Quiet Kool models, there's nothing to stand in your way. The filter simply slides right out. And once you've washed the filter in warm water and detergent, you simply slide it back where it came from.

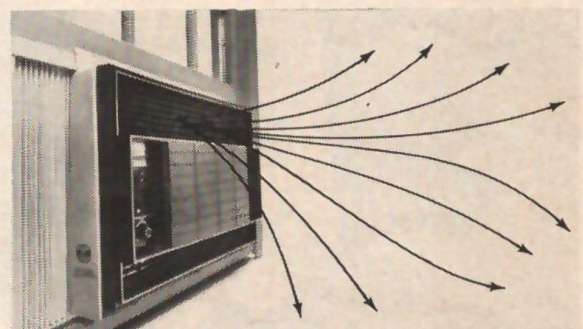
High efficiency or normal?

The greater the efficiency of your air conditioner, the less electricity it takes to run it. You can determine this efficiency by simply dividing your unit's BTU capacity by the number of watts stated on the nameplate. The higher the resulting number, the more efficient your unit will be.

There are 10 Emerson Quiet Kool models with efficiency ratings higher than 8.5 BTU per watt. And that means

10 models that give you a lot of cooling on a lot less electricity.

Cool air everywhere.



One thing you don't want your air conditioner to do is blow right on you. It's not only drafty, it's also downright annoying.

That's why we've equipped 11 Quiet Kool models with what we call Air Wave. It operates simultaneously with the air conditioner fan to vary the direction of the air flow. So the room doesn't get too cool in one spot and too warm in another.

At Emerson, we firmly believe that facts make customers. Which is why we've published a booklet on "How to Buy an Air Conditioner If You Don't Know a BTU From an AMP."

You can pick up a copy free at your Emerson dealer. Or send us the coupon with 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

Emerson Quiet Kool
66 Field Point Road, Greenwich, Conn. 06830

Please send me a copy of "How to Buy an Air Conditioner If You Don't Know a BTU From an AMP." Enclosed is 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

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QUIET KOOL

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Would your son get more out of college 3 years from now?

Some young men are ready to take full advantage of college right out of high school.

Some would be better off postponing it. For reasons of interest, maturity, affordability, whatever.

For the latter, today's Army represents a rewarding pre-college alternative. More rewarding in many ways than pumping gas, bagging groceries, or marking time in the company mailroom.

Today's Army is more than a place to mark time. It's a place where a young man can train, learn, have a responsible job, meet people, travel, and mature.

The starting salary and benefits are also attractive. Along with the \$288 a month to start, there are free meals, free housing, free clothing, free medical and dental care, and 30 days paid vacation a year.

Then, for the young man who successfully completes his three-year enlistment, there's 36 months financial assistance at the college of his choice.

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Sentiment every Sunday

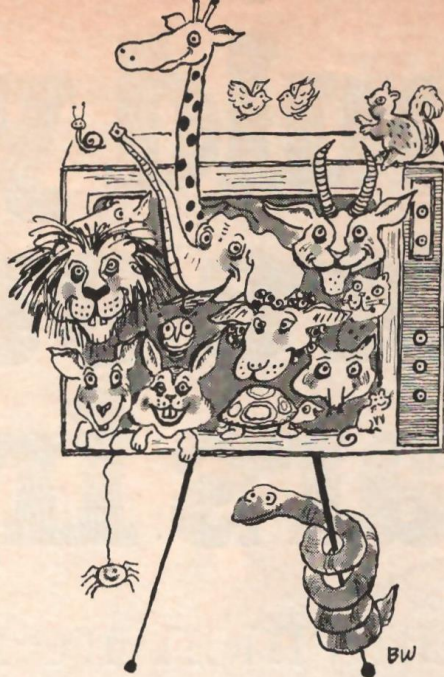
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF DISNEY

It happens every week: I miss the first half of *The FBI*. I miss it because the rest of the family wants to watch *The Wonderful World of Disney*. The rest of the family hasn't read Richard Schickel's excellent biography of Walt Disney; the rest of the family hasn't even read anthropologist Edmund Carpenter's review of Schickel's book, in which he talks about "controlled environments." I am the only one on Sunday nights who knows that we are being manipulated—prisoners in a sort of space capsule of the imagination, being force-fed on recycled sentimentalities, wired by our lachrymal glands to a Mission Control in Anaheim, Calif. But I have used up all my credibility, after six hours of basketball, baseball, hockey, golf and bowling. And so we watch *The Wonderful World of Disney*.

There are horses and foxes and

lynxes and spider monkeys and sheep and even a coatimundi. There are boys who want to climb mountains and girls who want to become policemen and a family band that doesn't know what it wants to do and people like Dean Jones and John Davidson and James MacArthur (before he became a Hawaiian cop) and Hayley Mills (before she grew up) and Don Murray (who never grew up)—you know, good people, American faces, Middle American spider monkeys, your lovable coatimundis of a denatured nature, a tame wilderness, an innocent heart, a moral lollipop. There are the self-cannibalizations—shows that originally released as films, shows that became films, shows made up of snippets from old films, shows that consist of new dramatizations of old songs. Not to mention the animated cartoons, which are unmentionable.

I wonder if B. F. Skinner watches *The Wonderful World of Disney*. Mr. Skinner is the behavioral psychologist who believes that a little bit of free will goes a long way toward killing us. Mr. Skinner would like to remake the modern world in the image of 19th-century small-town America, with 19th-century small-town American values like hard work and sexual abstinence. (Never mind what



small towns were really like.) Mr. Skinner would do his remaking by "positive reinforcements." A controlled environment. Wire everybody into an economy of scarcity, and zap them with good feelings (material rewards) whenever they behave themselves. Mr. Skinner taught pigeons to quadrille by positively reinforcing them with food pellets. Talk about your clockwork orange.

And that is Disneyland, the 19th-century orange, the time capsule, whose sections of rind are closing over us from California and Florida. Under the dome there will be Muzak, a

nature without pity or terror; the only evildoers will be busybodies; all the dwarfs will be cute; all the sex will be sublimated; none of the animals will bite; every reinforcement will be positive; the quietly good (all wisdom is inarticulate), the plucky (all courage is the moral stamina of innocence), the steadfast (one thinks of Walter Brennan), the clean of heart and the clean of hands (animated people, 19th-century cartoons) will inherit the parking lot with the Richfield minicars and the band of merry burghers flexing their perceptions like accordions. No greed, no death, no cities. Beauty is cute and cute is beauty; that is all you're going to be allowed to know.

Sunday night in my house this kind of animadverting is considered to be a consequence of heartburn. And so it is. I'll never forgive Disney for what he did to *Alice in Wonderland*, any more than I'll forgive the psychoanalytic critics and the Jefferson Airplane for what they did to Alice. And someday the prince *doesn't* come. And the South sang some songs that weren't so prettily Remus-sized, especially in the 19th century. And so the heart does burn, because it isn't clockwork.

by Cyclops

LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

Woody's trial by trench coat

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM

Maytime again! And time for our annual dose of Woody Allen, which for some of us, at least, is more tonic than any amount of Grandma's sulfur and molasses.

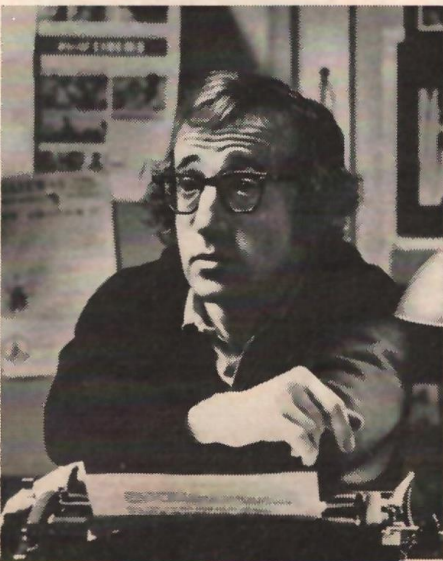
I understand that there are members of the congregation turned off rather than toned up by Allen's therapeutic blends. Pity. I am also aware that in *Play It Again, Sam* his magic elixir is at something less than full potency, lacking as it does the ingredients of political and social satire which distinguished *Bananas* last year. Double pity. Still, when you need a shot of his kind of snake oil, the old critical faculties are unlikely to be in their finest array and you're probably going to be grateful for just about anything you get.

Not that there's anything frightfully wrong with *Sam*. It is, of course, based on Allen's play of some years back, a work that antedates his best movies somewhat. Being without some of the later and more delicious developments in his standard comic character, the movie has a slightly regressive air. Moreover, he has not di-

rected himself this time. Though I have no particular objection to Herbert Ross's handling of the case, I have the feeling that only Allen can really bring out the best in his own writing and characterization.

But I shall hedge no more. I laughed inordinately throughout *Sam*. I liked its most daring conceit—which brings on tough, cool, trench-coated Humphrey Bogart (reasonably well impersonated by Jerry Lacy) as a sort of Dr. Rubin *cum* superego to advise Allen—this time playing a movie reviewer called, confusingly, just Allen (with an a) on this latest lap in his marathon pursuit of sexual fulfillment. As with all Allen's work, that's about all there is to the plot—though after about 27 more failures he does, with

A natural resource named Allen



a little help from his fantasy friend, briefly realize his dream. At several (high) points, Bogart must in effect contend for Allan's soul with Allan's ex-wife. She represents—not at all nicely—the reality of trying to live with a man whose romantic skills are incongruously matched with his fantasies. I liked also the endless inven-

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J. W. COOP

A sad, funny movie about changing life-styles in rodeo and in the U.S.

TOKYO STORY

A Japanese masterpiece of mutual embarrassment between generations

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE

Vonnegut's wild fable of a GI traumatized over Dresden's fire-bombing

THE SORROW AND THE PITY

Ophuls's documentary on Nazi-occupied France is short at 4½ hours

THE GODFATHER

Plausible anthropology of a strange culture, the Mob. Brando is superb

tiveness of Allen's gags, both visual and verbal, and, as usual, promptly forgot most of them. There is no need to hoard what appears to be the product of a natural resource as undamnable as the Mississippi's flow.

Mostly, however, I passed my time between yocks speculating on the appeal of this relatively simple comic character. I'm convinced he is one of the central symbolic figures of our time and place—however pretentious

that may sound. Whatever else it accomplishes, *Play It Again, Sam* clarifies the reasons for that centrality.

Allen emphasizes for comic effect his shortness, ugliness and general physical ineptitude. But he is in fact no worse off in these respects than most of his fellow citizens. His real problems are a painful post-Freudian self-consciousness and a piercing awareness of his lack of grace compared to the symbols of masculine comeliness and behavior who pervade press and TV. The use of the Bogart figure and generous quotations from *Casablanca*, the centerpiece of the Bogart canon, draw us inescapably to this conclusion. For the Bogart figure had no self-consciousness. He knew instinctively what he was and who he was and how, therefore, to behave in any situation. Lacking that instinct, Allen is in trouble.

And, indeed, so are the rest of us who learned to choose our masculine role models (as they say in the couch-and-notebook trade) from those phantoms of the screen. Maybe the problem isn't as obsessive with us as it is with Allen, or Allan. It certainly isn't as hilarious. But it is close enough to our souls to explain the delight we take in watching Allen play with it. It was brilliant of him to fix on this issue, and even more brilliant of him to develop and sustain so many variations on it over the years.

by Richard Schickel



Mid-size Plymouth Satellite. The family car that doesn't look like one.

Despite Satellite's sporty looks, its size and features make it enough car for almost any family.

Satellite gives you plenty of room for six. And we've carved out enough trunk to hold a basket of laundry and a week's worth of groceries.

The standard 318 V-8 means you've got power when you need it for passing or freeway entrances, but it's also easy on your gas budget.

Yet Satellite gives you all this without turning a mid-size car into an over-size car. The wheelbase is only 115 inches. Which means Satellite's maneuverable in city traffic.

And easy to park, too.

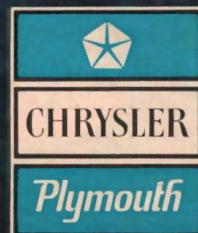
Another thing you'll appreciate is the way we built Satellite.

We started with a welded Unibody for strength and tightness. Then we protected this body inside and out with our 7-step dip-and-spray process.

We did a lot of things like this because we think that's the kind of car America wants. And we're committed to building just that.

Plymouth Satellite. Because we believe a family car should be functional—but not dull.

Coming through with the kind of car America wants.





Mrs. David Margolis of Framingham, Massachusetts, thanks Time-Life Records' *The Swing Era* series "for bringing back the best years of my life."

"Thank you for bringing

SWING LOVERS FROM MASSACHUSETTS TO CALIFORNIA REVIEW THE NEW BIG BAND STEREO SERIES FROM TIME-LIFE RECORDS

An attractive middle-aged housewife in Framingham, Massachusetts, sits down to write a record company in New York. "Thank you," she begins, "for bringing back the best years of my life."

In Topeka, Kansas, a veteran of World War II writes to the same record company: "THE SWING ERA records I received from you today are the best damned music I have heard since WWII days."

And from Girard, Ohio, Mr. Ted Mancini writes: "To all of you at TIME-LIFE RECORDS, bravo. I simply am elated. I love them all. I play them over and over. My children are now converted swingers."

These unsolicited letters are among hundreds that have poured into the editorial offices of Time-Life Records in response to its new Big Band stereo series, *The Swing Era*. To Managing Director Francis Scott of Time-Life Records, *The Swing Era* series "appears to have evoked a warm human response from the public that is unique."

For example, Mrs. W. D. Whitman, in Santa Monica, California, wrote: "The records are superb! I can't tell you the pleasure we're having with them. Such memories for us, but even more, the artistry of reproduction, musicianship—all excellent. They really are better than the original—and we have a lot

NOW, RE-LIVE THE SWING ERA IN STEREO

BEGIN YOUR ENJOYMENT OF THE SWING ERA SERIES BY AUDITIONING THIS FIRST VOLUME FOR 10 DAYS FREE

30 GREAT HITS OF "THE MUSIC OF 1940-41" IN YOUR CHOICE OF THREE 12-INCH STEREO LPS, OR TWO 8-TRACK TAPE CARTRIDGES OR TWO TAPE CASSETTES.

Moonlight Serenade • Sunrise Serenade • Little Brown Jug • In the Mood • Tuxedo Junction • Anvil Chorus (Parts I and II): Glenn Miller versions
Two O'clock Jump • Music Makers • Ciribiribin • You Made Me Love You: Harry James versions
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Stealin' Apples • Let's Dance: Benny Goodman versions
Temptation • Frenesi • Stardust: Artie Shaw versions
Bizet Has His Day: Les Brown version
Take the "A" Train: Duke Ellington version

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PLUS THE 64-PAGE BOOK, "HOW IT WAS TO BE YOUNG THEN," AND "AN INTRODUCTION TO THE SWING ERA"

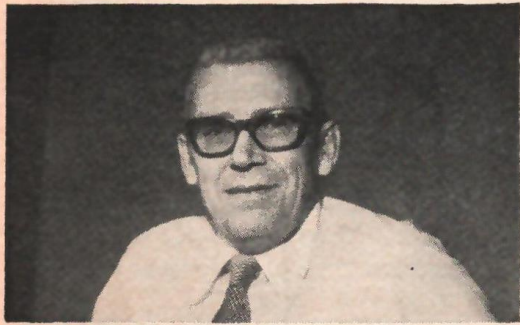


back the best years of my life..."

of those tucked away in a closet."

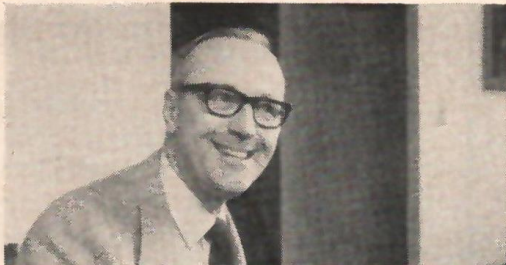
And from Beaverton, Oregon, Jack Rosenberg reports, "You are to be congratulated on the truly marvelous job your musicians, arrangers and engineers have done in re-creating some of the all-time great sounds of the big bands."

The Swing Era series was re-created



"THE SWING ERA records I received from you today are the best damned music I have heard since World War II days."—Leon Peterson, Topeka, Kan.

by today's top Swing musicians from the original arrangements of the Big Bands of Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Glenn Miller, Woody Herman and Benny Goodman, among others. How do these stereo recordings compare to the old 78-rpms? Here's what an avid Swing buff, Conrad Fiorentino, of West

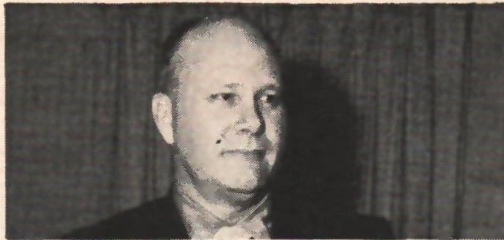


"You are to be congratulated on the truly marvelous job your musicians, arrangers and engineers have done in re-creating some of the all-time great sounds of the big bands."—Jack Rosenberg, Beaverton, Ore.

Los Angeles, California, has to say:

"I do not have a record in my collection of more than 1,000 that is as fine."

For some, the reaction to *The Swing Era* was quite emotional. James S. Britton of Battle Creek, Michigan, said this about the records he received:



... it was like hearing an old and very dear friend that you thought was dead! Those guys that produced these records are just beautiful, and I would take it as a personal favor if you could pass along my thanks."—James S. Britton, Battle Creek, Mich.



"They really are better than the original—and we have a lot of those tucked away in a closet."—Mrs. W. D. Whitman, Santa Monica, Calif.

MUSIC AND STORY AND PICTURES

Thrill again to the whole wonderful age of Swing as only Time-Life Records could re-create it

Imagine being able to re-live the excitement of the unforgettable Swing Era...

—The fabulous Big Band music made famous by Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Harry James, Woody Herman, Duke Ellington and other Swing greats.

—The 10¢ Coke dates with the jukebox beating out "In the Mood," "Redskin Rumba," "Blues on Parade" or "Tuxedo Junction."

—The high-school dances at which everyone did the "Lindy" and "Big Apple."

Now you can actually re-live the wonderful Swing Era, thanks to modern stereo recording techniques and the rich pictorial and editorial resources of Time-Life Records.

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A REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITY

To let you hear and see for yourself how faithfully *The Swing Era* series recaptures the years when Swing was king, Time-Life Records extends to you this remarkable invitation:

Accept the first volume, "The Music of 1940-41," with 30 Swing favorites re-created in stereo, *plus* the hard-cover 64-page story-and-picture book, "How It Was to Be Young Then," *plus* the 16-page "An Introduction to the Swing Era," all handsomely slipcased, to enjoy at your leisure and in your own home for 10 days free!

If you're not completely delighted with "The Music of 1940-41," just return the music-and-book album at Time-Life Records' expense and owe nothing. Or keep the album for the low subscription price and enjoy the privilege of auditioning additional stereo music-and-book albums from *The Swing Era* series in your own home, each for 10 days free.

YOUR CHOICE OF THE BEST-LOVED SWING

Just think of being able to match your listening mood by picking from literally hundreds of great Swing hits you'll have available in your own collection of *The Swing Era*...

—For those sentimental moments, there's the Glenn Miller version of "Moonlight Serenade" re-created in the 1940-41 album... the Harry James version of "I Cried for You" re-created in "The Music of 1941-42"



THE SWING ERA SERIES spans the entire period from the days when the early Swing bands were struggling to be heard to the years when Swing was king... to World War II, the booming postwar years, and right on through to the '70s.

... and the Tommy Dorsey version of "I'm Gettin' Sentimental over You" that had a whole nation sighing in 1936-37.

—Or swing out, if you please, with the 1940-41 Charlie Barnet version of "Cherokee" ... or with "Well, Git It!" in the Tommy Dorsey version recaptured stereophonically in "The Music of 1941-42" ... or with the Benny Goodman version of "Bugle Call Rag" from the 1936-37 album.

With *The Swing Era* series, you have your choice of great Swing music from the early 1930s through the memorable years when Swing was capturing the nation's heart to the World War II years of the '40s, the postwar boom and on into the '70s. With each stereo album you'll also receive an unmatched—and nostalgic—book of stories and pictures that recaptures the "feel" of the period.

SWING MUSIC SO "LIVE" IT'S LIKE BEING ON THE SCENE

We know once you hear "The Music of 1940-41," you'll recognize at once the technical superiority of these stereo re-creations by Time-Life Records over ordinary re-recordings. For these remarkable stereo recordings are based on the classic arrangements that made the Big Bands famous. A few selections are recent recordings of this *Swing Era* music by the famous Glen Gray orchestra. Others are brand-new recordings by greats of that era and today, directed by the celebrated trumpeter Billy May.

And while you thrill to the stereo sound of these recordings, you'll travel down memory lane in the stories and pictures of "How It Was to Be Young Then," the companion hard-cover 64-page Time-Life Records book. You'll chuckle at the styles young folks wore then ... heave a sigh of affection for the simple joys of those bygone days ... and re-live the excitement and glamor that surrounded the Big Bands as they played their way to glory at the Paramount, Roseland and the Savoy Ballroom.

NO RISK OR OBLIGATION

If you are as delighted as we think you will be with "The Music of 1940-41," keep the three-record stereo album and the companion book, "How It Was to Be Young Then," and "An Introduction to the Swing

Era" for less than you may ever have thought possible: just \$12.95* plus shipping and handling. (If you own an 8-track tape-cartridge or cassette player, you'll be glad to know you can enjoy all 30 hits of "The Music of 1940-41" on two 8-track tape cartridges or two tape cassettes for just \$2 additional, with "How It Was to Be Young Then" and "An Introduction to the Swing Era" also included.)

AUDITION ALL THESE OTHER GREAT SWING RECORDS, TOO

Then, as a subscriber, you will continue to enjoy the privilege of auditioning other music-and-book albums from *The Swing Era* series, each for 10 days free. These albums, sent on approval at approximately two-month intervals, will include, among others: "The Music of 1936-37," "The Music of 1937-38," "The Music of 1938-39," "The Music of 1941-42," "The Music of 1944-45," "The Music of the Postwar Years" and "Benny Goodman: Into the '70s"—in all, a collection of great Swing music in stereo which cannot be matched elsewhere.

Please understand, however, that you are under *no obligation* to buy any minimum number of music-and-book albums. What's more, you may, if you wish, cancel your free-audition privilege at any time.

To audition "The Music of 1940-41" for 10 days free, simply mail the attached postage-paid card. No stamp is needed. If the card has been removed, mail the coupon below. Do it now.

*In Canada, \$2.00 extra

To: TIME-LIFE RECORDS
Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611

2718

Please send me "The Music of 1940-41," first music-and-book album in *The Swing Era* series, for 10 days' free audition and enroll me as a subscriber to the series. After 10 days I may return the three stereo records and 64-page book without obligation. If I decide to keep them, I will pay just \$12.95* plus shipping and handling. I will then receive other music-and-book albums from *The Swing Era* series at the same price approximately every two months. I am under no obligation to purchase any minimum number of albums and may cancel my subscription and free-examination privilege at any time.

NOTE: If instead of the three stereo records, you would prefer tape, then check one of the two choices below:

☐ CARTRIDGE-AND-BOOK ALBUM

030 Please send me all 30 great hits of "The Music of 1940-41" on two 8-track tape cartridges (\$2 additional). The book, "How It Was to Be Young Then," and "An Introduction to the Swing Era" are included.

☐ CASSETTE-AND-BOOK ALBUM

031 Please send me all 30 great hits of "The Music of 1940-41" on two tape cassettes (\$2 additional). The book, "How It Was to Be Young Then," and "An Introduction to the Swing Era" are included.

Mr. _____
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Miss _____ (Please print)
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
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*In Canada, \$2 additional for records. (Tape cartridges and tape cassettes not available outside U.S.)

Every day is somebody's



If someone you know is celebrating... call.
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



LIFE BOOK REVIEW

The social crime of growing old

THE COMING OF AGE
by SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR
(G. P. Putnam's Sons) \$10.00

Simone de Beauvoir, approaching old age, is frighteningly right. It is easier to imagine oneself dead than old. Old age is that dreadful scourge that occurs to other people, certainly not us, and better not to think about it at all. What we do, to deal with the dilemma, is to remove them—the awful aged—from society's mainstream, isolate them (as lepers), take away their productivity, dehumanize them in bleak institutions. We reject the reality of old age by discarding the aged.

The Coming of Age is a brilliant, huge work of scholarship and passion by the 63-year-old Frenchwoman and author of *The Second Sex*. Most importantly, crucially, it is an unassailable indictment of those values of civilization—current and past—that mutilate such a major portion of the population (20 million people over 65 in the United States) and condemn them to spending their remaining ten, 20 or even 30 years trapped in near poverty, numbing boredom, inactivity, indignity, dependence and the hopeless state of standing alone outside the swirl of humanity. "By the way in which a society behaves towards its old people," de Beauvoir observes, "it uncovers the naked, and often carefully hidden, truth about its real principles and aims . . . their unhappy fate proclaims the failure of our civilization as a whole."

Our first step in the destruction of the elderly is to eliminate, at precisely age 65, their work, thus robbing them of that which has often been the thrust of their lives, plunging them into sudden idleness and—for the mass of people—destitution. In devaluing the accumulation of knowledge and experience that comes with years of living, enamored instead only of the shiny vigor of youth, we gratuitously crush our aging workers into manipulable objects, passive, with no voice in their own existences. It is not unlike how society treats *all* its powerless.

Yet, according to de Beauvoir's staggering research, "there is no great difference between the powers of a man of 60 and another of 50." The painful truth about physical decline is that muscular strength starts to ebb after age 27, speed in manual skills after 15, motor reactions and logical reasoning at 35. Still, are we not horrified to discover that in a recent American study of employment, 97% of newspaper Help Wanted ads set the

age limit at 40, and one-third of employment agencies would not attempt to place workers over 45? Yes, shocking; but should we be less enraged that three out of five elderly people in the U.S. had 1958 incomes of less than \$1,000 a year, or that of *healthy* human beings admitted to old-age institutions, 54.4% die in the first year? Aging workers are fired or demoted at the first sign of weakening; adaptive measures, such as allowing a man to work sitting down instead of standing, are rarely considered.

Mme. de Beauvoir documents, historically, the problem in other cultures. "Many societies," she writes, "respect the old so long as they are



Impassioned scholar de Beauvoir

clear-minded and robust, but get rid of them when they become senile and infirm." Among the Hottentots (where age 50 is elderly) an enfeebled old man was honored at a great feast for the entire village, then taken—by his own son—to a remote hut and left to starve. In communities, however, where religion, magic or the spiritual are highly valued, such as among the Navahos, the aged are revered as possessing special powers and wisdom.

The common denominator seems to be this: in prosperous or stable societies, the aged are treasured for their experience, their memories. When resources are inadequate or the society is in great turmoil, the old are sacrificed. The roots are, of course, economic.

Several questions thread their way through this monumental volume: "What are the inescapable factors in the individual's decline?" And "To what degree is society responsible for them?" And a crucial third: "What should a society be, so that in his last years a man might still be a man?" Mme. de Beauvoir is not glib, and even a partial answer requires another book, at least. In the meanwhile, I urge you to read this one—it touches profoundly on all of our lives.

by Marcia Seligson

Miss Seligson is writing a book on the American way of wedding.

Get a taste of what it's all about. Get the full taste of Viceroy.

This \$200 HEUER chronograph—yours for only \$88.

Now wear the Heuer self-winding chronograph of the Parnelli Jones—Viceroy Racing Team for \$88. This 17-jewel watch/stopwatch features: stainless-steel water-resistant case, tachymeter bezel, self-winding movement, date window, recording register from 0-12 hours with a $\frac{1}{5}$ second sweep hand.

Heuer is the official timing instrument at major international races including the U.S. Grand Prix and Sebring 12-hour Endurance Race. To get this \$200 watch with gift case, just send 1 Viceroy carton end flap and \$88 to:

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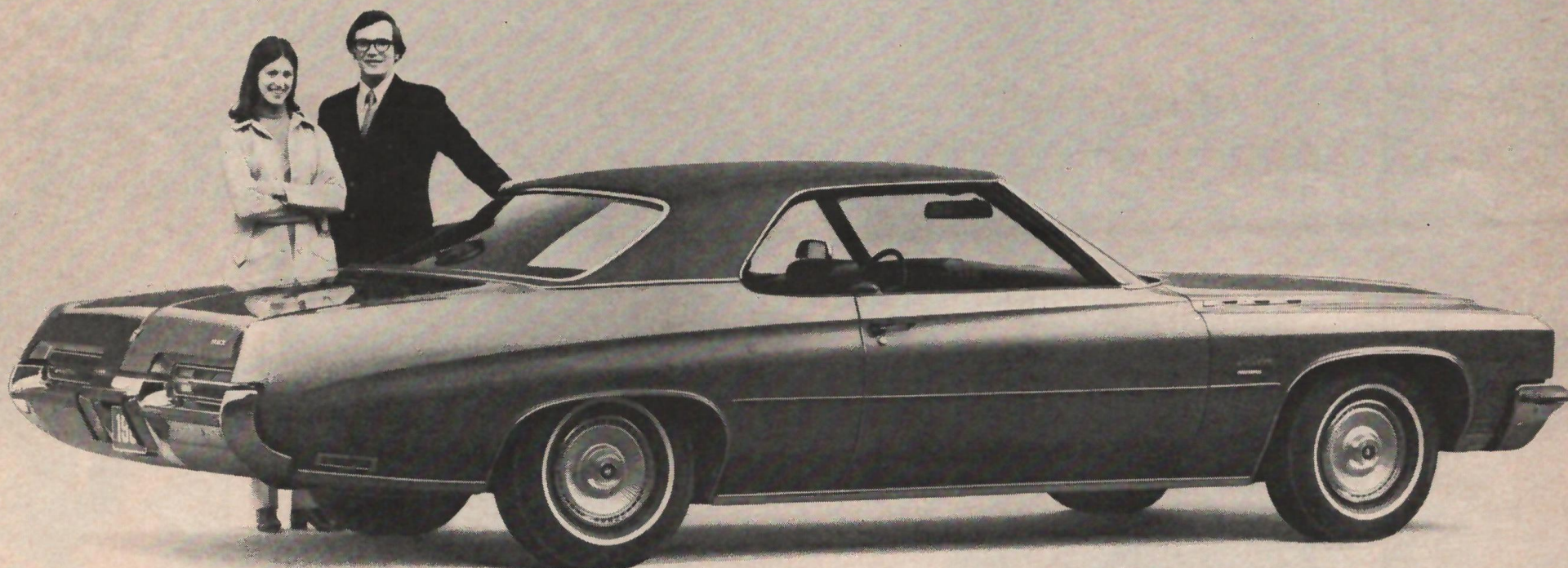
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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please allow 6 weeks for delivery. Void where taxed, prohibited or restricted. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1972.

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But lucky for you, they're not yet gone.

If you hurry, you can still get one of the year's best deals
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He's stocked up big for this once-a-year dealing time. And he's making
some once-a-year deals on all the new Buicks,
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—all standard.

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See him quick about a new Buick during Buick Bargain Days.

Before they're all gone.

Drive a bargain at your **Buick** dealer's now.



Warm is going barefoot in January.



The colder it is outside, the more you need the gentle, even warmth of clean gas heat. Gas heat makes you feel cozy and taken care of. No cold spots and it's always there when you

need it. Gas heat is thrifty. And gas is the clean heat that doesn't dirty the air indoors or out. It helps you have a clean, comfortable home—and a cleaner world for babies to grow up in.

Gas, clean energy for today and tomorrow 

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

**Uniroyal has made
20,000,000
steel-belted radials
world-wide.**

**More than all other
American tire manufacturers
put together.**

**A superior type of tire,
but more difficult to make.**

The steel-belted radial is becoming recognized in the United States as the king of tires.

Not only does it have the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, but it also offers substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

Other companies are beginning to produce this advanced type of tire. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with than fabric.

Uniroyal has made 20,000,000 steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is Michelin. Nobody else comes close.

**A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung,
tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe.
These 3 received the highest ratings:**

Tests: (1971)	UNIROYAL 180 (Steel)	MICHELIN ZX (Steel)	PIRELLI CF 67 (Fabric)
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (90)	57 (81)	49 (70)
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal driving)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 (74)	57 (81)	62 (89)
END RESULT	(164)	(162)	(159)
RANKING	1ST	2ND	3RD

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

4th, Conti TS 771, steel (158).	9th, Phoenix P 110 Ti, fabric (132).
5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147).	10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131).
6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137).	10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131).
6th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137).	12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130).
8th, Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136).	13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128).

**Uniroyal steel-belted radials
are now available
in the United States.**

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.



**When you go to buy a steel-belted radial,
don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a
steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.**

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report, along with three test reports on radial tires that appeared in "Auto Motor und Sport" Magazine of Germany during '69, '70 and '71? Send 25c to Dept. GP3, Uniroyal, Middlebury, Connecticut 06749. When you're finished reading this series of test reports, you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



Silva Thins 100's have less "tar" than most Kings, 100's, menthols, non-filters.

And more
flavor than
all of them.

16 mg. "tar,"
1.1 mg. nicotine.*

Menthol too.



*Filter and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

LIFE COMMENT

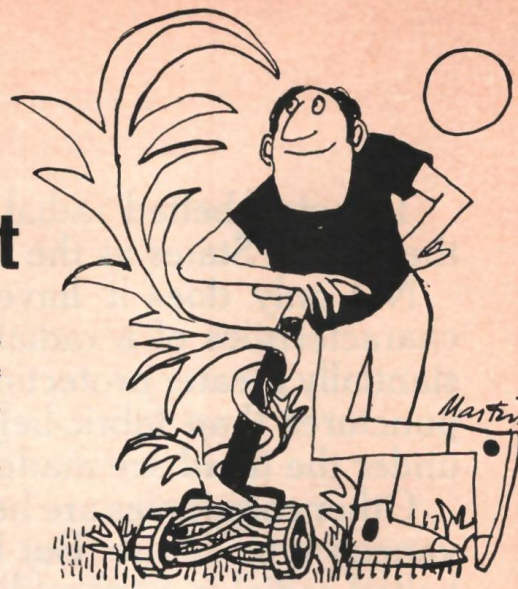
Weeder's Digest

There's still time—before the grass is too high and healthy—to decide what weeds to have in your lawn this year. Most gardeners are fatalists about their weeds, willing to settle for anything that blows in from the neighborhood. That is why there is such dull conformity to our American lawns. It's bad enough to have lawn after lawn full of nothing but grass. It's even more discouraging when the only variation, yard after yard, is dandelion or plantain.

Anybody who has watched Creeping Charlie making its way through the fescue or devil's paintbrush poking up through the bluegrass knows how much well-chosen weeds can do to brighten an otherwise monotonous expanse of green. In recommending a few weeds out of the multitude available, I will start with chickweed, either the common chickweed (*Stellaria media*), a tenacious annual which keeps its bright green leaves and tiny white flowers growing well into winter, or its hairy-leaved cousin, mouse-eared chickweed (*Cerastium vulgatum*), a perennial which does well almost everywhere but North Dakota. Avoid Indian chickweed (*Mollugo verticillata*): it is not a true chickweed and is fussy about soil.

Both devil's paintbrush (*Hieracium aurantiacum*) and yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*) have pleasant flowers. Devil's paintbrush, also called hawkweed, displays its deep orange blooms in hottest summer when the grass usually gives up. Yarrow has white flowers and adapts to the rigors of lawn life by hunching its leaves down under the mower blades, thereby gaining an advantage over the more upstanding grass whose vitality is sapped by constant cutting. (Yarrow is not to be confused with Queen Anne's lace or wild carrot, which do better in roadsides than lawns.) Yellow wood sorrel (*Oxalis stricta*), for all its delicate flowers and leaves, is quite hardy—though my California brother-in-law, the kind of natural gardener who is all green thumbs, did have a bad experience with his oxalis. He thoughtlessly planted an omnivorous ground cover called dichondra which devoured the sorrel along with everything else in his lawn.

Of all lawn weeds, I have found none that for beauty and aggressiveness can match Creeping Charlie (*Glechoma hederacea*), also called ground ivy or Gill-over-the-ground. It sends runners in all directions, choking out all grass (and, unfortunately, other weeds). It keeps its leaves summer and winter, and sports light-blue blossoms in spring. I know no prac-



tical weed killer that will do more than turn Creeping Charlie pale a few days.

Among grasslike weeds, there are things to be said for crabgrass (*Digitaria ischaemum*), Nimble Will (*Muhlenbergia schreberi*) and edible galin-gale (*Cyperus esculentus*). But I pass these by. After all, if you want a grassy effect you might as well plant grass to begin with.

Though it is easier and more rewarding to grow lawn weeds than to try to kill them, they do require certain care. Don't use much fertilizer: this simply encourages grass to grow at the expense of weeds. Setting the mower blades high has the same deleterious effect. Cutting the lawn very short, in fact, has a helpful side effect. Weed seeds can lie dormant in the lawn for many years—a half-century or more. Given sunlight and not much competition, they'll sprout and add some interesting antique specimens to your weed collection.

As for selecting the best weeds for your area, I give the standard gardening advice: (1) see what grows well for your neighbor; and (2) consult your local nurseryman. But you had best be tactful about admiring your neighbor's stand of yarrow. At the nursery you'll find handsomely illustrated charts which will suggest plants not mentioned here. Look for varieties for which more than one application of killer is prescribed. This connotes stamina.

Weeds for the flower border are a somewhat different matter. The most desirable are those that offer a constant challenge to the gardener, such as the stubborn pigweed (*Chenopodium pagani*) whose massive roots can be pulled out only by main strength, and the subtle purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*) whose fragile stems break off readily in the hand leaving the roots to flourish in the ground. As in all good works, the deep satisfaction of gardening comes not from having it done but from doing it. That is what makes choosing reliable weeds so necessary, for if they are not there to be pulled out, a gardener could be left with almost nothing to do between planting and picking.

by Joseph Kastner

Mr. Kastner is LIFE's former copy editor and a lifelong weed grower.



Adam's Apple, 1972

(A do-it-yourself temptation)

Ever wonder what the apple tasted like that started the whole man/woman thing back in Eden? It's a cinch your everyday MacIntosh is pretty pallid by comparison.

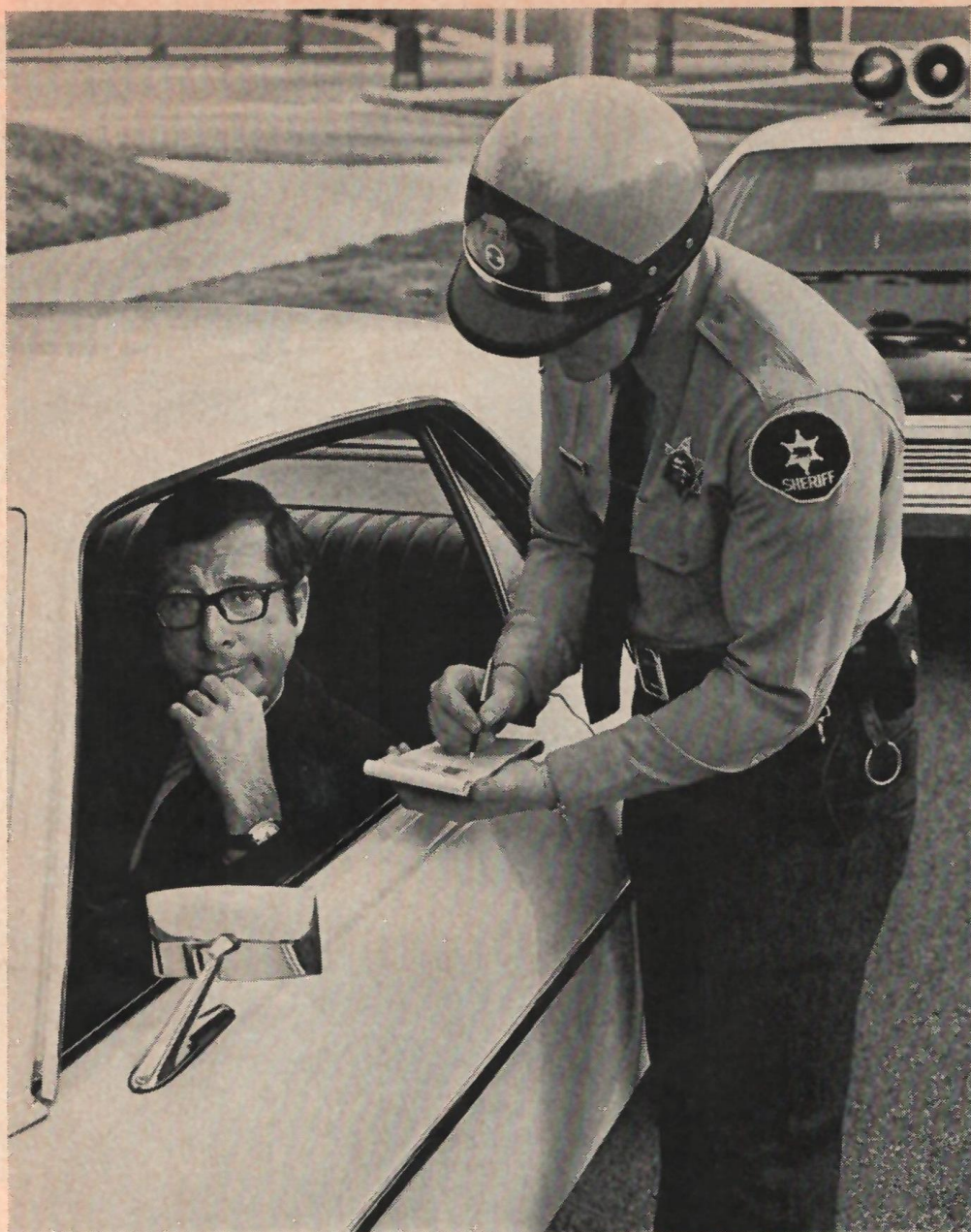
Thinking about that one day, we got this wild idea. If we added an ounce or so of Smirnoff to some good old unforbidden apple juice in a tall glass of ice, would thunder shake the earth? Lightning flash? No, actually, none of that happened.

We did, however, discover



a pretty swell drink. The name, Adam's Apple, is something of an over-promise, but drink it in the right company and maybe you can make your own thunder and lightning.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless®



You'll be alive to pay the fine. Congratulations.

Congratulations for a traffic ticket?

Think about it.

A traffic ticket may cost a few dollars. An accident costs more. And far more than money. Traffic accidents took the lives of more than 56,000 Americans last year.

As new car dealers, we're naturally concerned with cars. As members of the community, we're concerned about people.

We would like all drivers to be careful drivers. Because careful driving obviously is the best way to avoid accidents. Or tickets.

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LIFE MUSIC REVIEW

Survival secrets of Queen King

CAROLE KING

Now that she's won four Grammys—Best Writer, Best Female Vocalist, Best Song, Best Album—it should be obvious that Carole King is a survivor. The question is *why*? One reason is simply her long experience in the music business. Way back there in the early, early '60s, when teen-car radio was a rash of idiotic jingles, the music equivalent of adolescent acne, Carole King was writing winners in the Hit Tune Sweepstakes. Boxed up in a cubicle in the Brill Building with her then husband, Gerry Goffin, the young girl from Brooklyn was slaving out success on Donny Kirschner's pop music plantation. In those days the money crop was a thing called "uptown R&B," a black adolescent voice, piercing, plangent, wailing to the stars from a Harlem tenement roof. It was a music of teen-age self-pity, an unself-conscious baring of soul that might have seemed out of reach of white kids born and reared in Brooklyn, but somehow fitted right into the grasp of Carole and Gerry Goffin, the musical heirs and descendants of Irving Berlin and Al Jolson.

But when the English groups came storming into America, melting down the glacier of lugubrious rhythm and blues, drastically altering the economy of the music business by writing all their own tunes, Carole and Gerry suddenly hit hard times. For years they floundered in the shadows until (with Jerry Wexler) they scored a great success writing Aretha Franklin's big hit, *Natural Woman*, which put them right back where they started, feeding words and melody to a great black artist. Neither Aretha nor the heavily worked vein of soul could last long, however; and in 1968, the team of Carole and Gerry Goffin broke up, with Carole resettling in L.A. with her two young daughters and a determination to find a new identity.

That new shape began to develop with the dawning of the age of the singing songwriter. James Taylor, Elton John, Loudon Wainwright III—so many have come along in the last couple of years. But most of them lack the craft of the old Brill Building regulars. They go on much too long in words of too many syllables. Their songs show no knowledge of music, just enough twang-twang to get them from one verse to another. Carole King, always a composer first, a lyricist second, knew that you've got to flash the idea across on a phrase that falls in your ear and then rattles

around in your head for days. She has that knack of phrase-minting, phrase-shaping. Every one of her tunes is plotted like a game of hopscotch from one sharply incised little musical ideogram to the next—whether it's in the major strains or in the instrumental vamps or in her singing, which slurs and scoops and hangs over the beat with a kind of cunning that no mere coffeehouse poetaster ever gets hip to.

Regrettably, though, the years that have taught her ear and hand to catch and manipulate so skillfully the finny little fish of current fashion have not taught her anything about getting down into her own soul, which has



Phrase-minting Carole

now been tried and worn and worked by enough experience to make her a songwriter of considerable depth. As one of the oldest people to catch the ear of youth, you might expect that Carole King would have a little heavier message to offer than teen-sounding lyrics and vocal intonations. Alas, no. Like her old-time contemporaries, she's an eternal adolescent, lying chameleonlike on the New Thing, flashing off its colors and gimmicks and fads without digging any deeper than the level of those she's aiming to entertain. While all the young geniuses go for the deepest place in their inevitably shallow souls, this mature lady continues to take off the youth scene as if she were still under the boardwalk or up on the roof or down in the subway—or wherever her fancy of where it's at is at.

All of which only goes to prove what a hopelessly closed circle the tired little world of pop culture occupies. Adults who study kids to catch their secrets and flatter them with their own whims. Whites who study blacks to catch their accents and feed them back the culture they once created and have nearly forgotten. Blacks who take the imitations of whites back down the pipe for further thickenings and coarsenings and vulgarizations. A whole industry poised to fly in any direction the nitwit winds of fashion may blow.

by Albert Goldman

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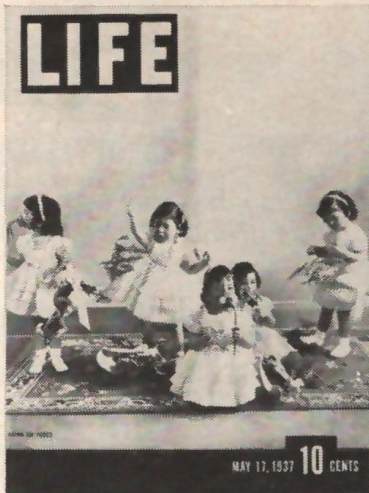
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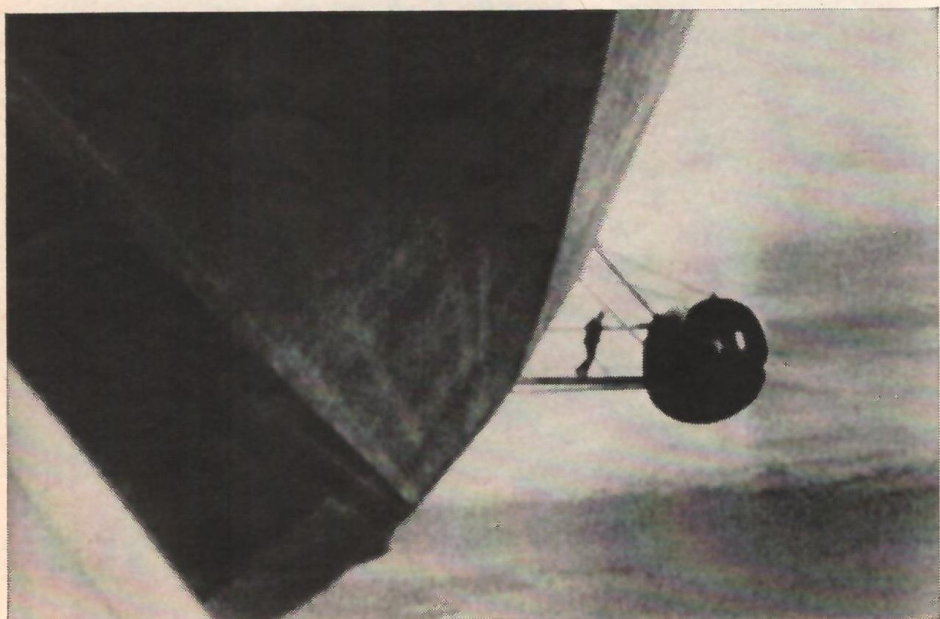
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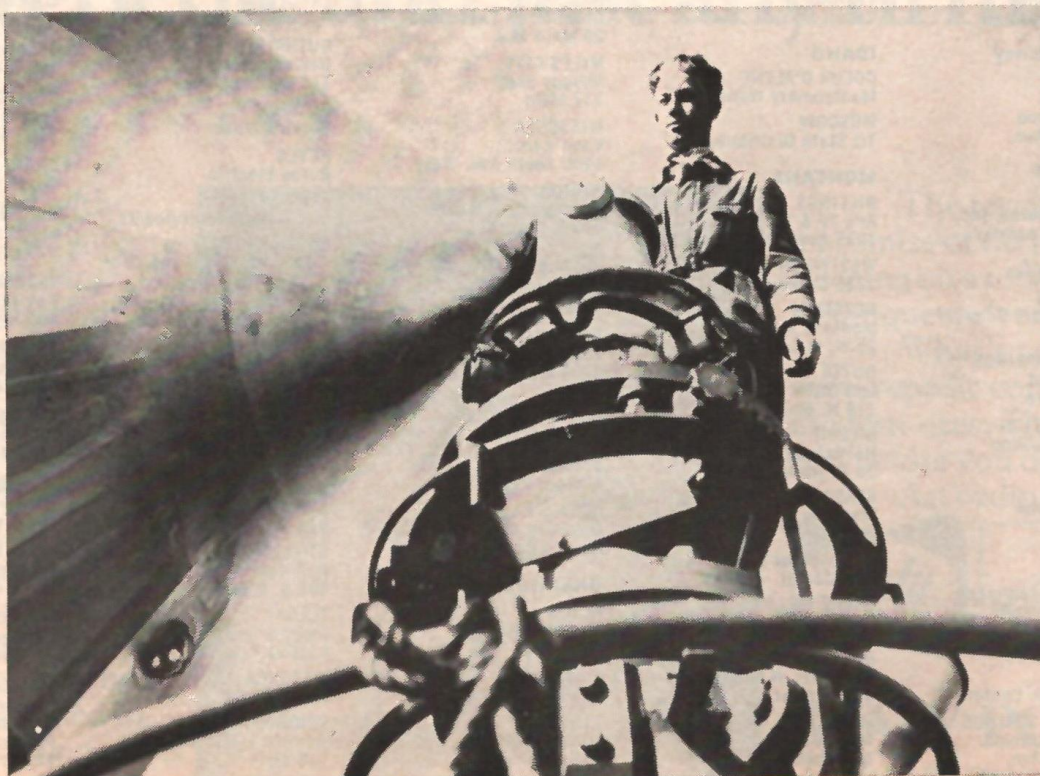


The fire that destroyed the German zeppelin *Hindenburg* in 1937 seems in retrospect like a premonitory catastrophe, a fiery prelude to World War II. Thirty-five years ago this week, in an issue with the Dionne quintuplets on the cover, LIFE published what it called "probably the most spectacular record of a great disaster" ever photographed. With 97 aboard, the *Hindenburg* had flown from Frankfurt to Lakehurst, N.J. Landing lines had been dropped and the ground crew was dragging the airship to the mooring mast when suddenly a sheet of fire burst from its tail (right). Feeding on the hydrogen that filled the ship, flames rushed forward and in five minutes the *Hindenburg* was a twisted wreck. Thirty-five died. The tragedy was officially termed an accident. But enduring suspicions of sabotage have been refueled by a new book by Michael Mooney, *The Hindenburg*.



New photos on the *Hindenburg*

Pictures from a roll of film found in the *Hindenburg* wreckage appear for the first time in Mooney's book. Acting on a tip that a bomb was aboard, the Germans had sent investigators on the fatal voyage. The wife of one of them can be seen waving farewell (top). Another picture (above) shows a crewman checking an engine en route. Mooney argues that Eric Spehl, an anti-Nazi technician on the *Hindenburg*, planted the bomb. Spehl, seen at right before an earlier flight, died in the flames.





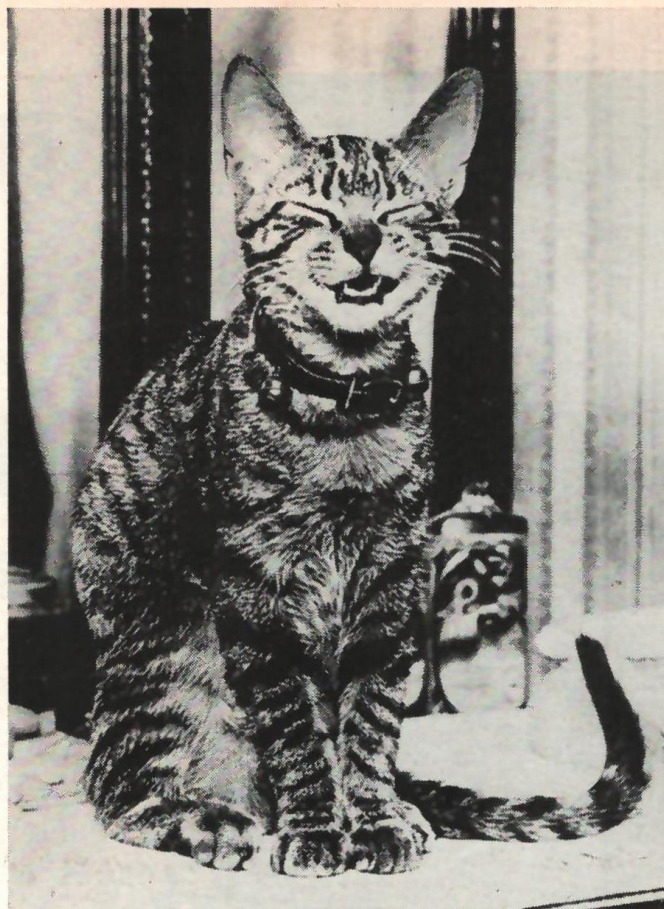
35 YEARS AGO

CONTINUED



The 'most popular' pictures

Speaking of Pictures ran some photographs that picture agencies identified as perennial best sellers. They included a grinning cat, a fine set of teeth surrounded by Teddy Roosevelt in 1912, the shooting of New York Mayor William Gaynor in 1910, and a heroic Charles Lindbergh, every inch the Lone Eagle after his transatlantic flight in 1927.



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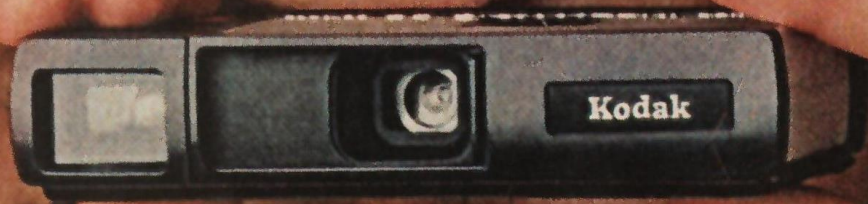
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MARRIAGE EXPERIMENTS

Sirs: Viva the marriage experiments (April 28)! Only when couples reinvent marriages according to their own value orientations will we all be free from dogma, obligation and hostility.

CLAIRE J. LEHR
Associate Professor
Human Development
and Family Studies

Ohio Wesleyan University
Delaware, Ohio

Sirs: What a wonderful job Patricia Coffin did for you in the special section, "The Marriage Experiments." I have been doing research along similar lines and believe strongly that all thoughtful people must give some consideration to the institution of marriage. Marital failure has a tremendous and adverse effect on the lives of many millions of American people. Alternatives to marriage must be studied and tried out experimentally.

HOWARD B. LYMAN
Psychologist

Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs: I was interested in the quantity of physical statistics given about the people in "The Marriage Experiments." I liked the heights and weights and numbers of children and salaries and textures of hair, and you threw in lots of good solid percentages and big numbers like 2,158,000. But I was totally disappointed that you failed to mention the dimensions of these people's poor, damned brains.

JOHN O. FREEBORN
Greenwood Lake, N.Y.

Sirs: I wonder if the Shulmans with their "marriage contract" have somehow missed the entire point of marriage. When brushing your daughter's hair, which should be a fulfilling labor of love, is put on a par with taking out the garbage, then I'm afraid the feelings of love and giving have disappeared.

STANLEY FEINBERG
Huntington Station, N.Y.

Sirs: Before I married my wife 23 years ago, I told her there was no room for a 50-50 contract in a successful marriage. It should be 100-100.

JOSEPH A. MITCHELL
Torrance, Calif.

Sirs: Polly Shulman says it all: "We used to like Mummy best. Now we love Daddy as much." What a nightmare of neuroses will be saved when more children can say what Polly says. A blight is laid on marriage, family life, future generations, because our social order has cast men in a role where their children cannot reach them.

VIRGINIA GORODNITZKI
New York, N.Y.

Sirs: You're kidding! The Shulman kids are 10 and 9 and they need someone to wake them in the morning, get out their clothes, organize their home-

work, books and bus passes and brush their hair? Call out the Marines. The Shulmans are living under a dictatorship. They're so busy figuring out who does what that the kids are doing practically nothing.

GRACE RUDOLPH
Halifax, Mass.

Sirs: Women's (and men's) liberation is a wonderfully healthy "rocking of the boat," but the Shulmans seem to be sailing separately.

PAMELA TAPS
New York, N.Y.

Sirs: Love affairs are interesting only to those involved, but details of a "marriage in trouble" are even duller. Obviously, the Maxwells' marriage fell apart through a surfeit of dullness. Please, no more Maxwells from marriage counselors' files!

WENDELL JOHNSON
Tempe, Ariz.

Sirs: How unrealistic and selfish of Miss McCann and Mr. Estridge, the unmarried parents. For them, that is their business, but what about poor Juliet? For Mr. Estridge, "the most satisfying confirmation of their decision would be for Juliet to follow in their footsteps." I'll bet Juliet will be the first kid on the block to get married.

ROSE BLACK
Wheeling, Ill.

Sirs: So LIFE has discovered a "new" form of marriage: common-law marriage or, as it is still called, living in sin. What else is "new"?

W. E. STONE
Madison, Wis.

Sirs: The most important sentence in your whole marriage package was: "They wound up paying less than if they had been able to file a joint return." Clearly the IRS forces people to live together unmarried.

K. M. GRENNELL
Wading River, N.Y.

Sirs: It strikes me that collective marriage, if not all forms of Arcadian communalism, is just another form of coping out. By joining hands at table and in general doting on each other and the children, collective amusement and collective responsibility become substitutes for individual consciousness and individual responsibility. Should a whole society take this road, one could imagine the dismal outcome.

ALBERT L. WEEKS
New York, N.Y.

Sirs: Your "marriage" issue showed only one marriage, that of the "frontier-style partnership" in Idaho. The other liaisons, whatever they might be, certainly are not marriages. The self-centered children involved in them are so wrapped up in their own hang-ups that they are incapable of fulfilling the first premise of the marriage vow, that of loving your partner. Without love

—selfless, undemanding and freely given—no marriage inside or outside of wedlock can exist except in name and form.

A. E. AYOTTE
Wilton Manors, Fla.

THE PRESIDENCY

Sirs: Hugh Sidey's "A Boy Who Wants to Prove it Works," (April 28) ought to be reprinted by the million, 25,000,000 to be exact, and distributed to every 18- to 21-year-old voter. For Mr. Sidey's is a call to political organization and political action for the young. If heeded, it will offer far greater promise for this troubled land than bombings, obscenities, sloganeering.

CHARLES G. SPIEGLER
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Sirs: Did Mr. Sidey really say that an American-pie, American-dream, corn-fed farm boy with rural values had found his ideal candidate in Senator George McGovern? Is this the same radical, left-wing, extremist McGovern who was the pet of the discredited campus radicals and whose candidacy has been endorsed by Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin? Perhaps farm boy Phi Beta Kappa Pokorny hasn't done his political homework. Or could it be that Mr. Sidey and Mr. Pokorny would like to dress up Mr. McGovern in a little Democratic respectability?

WILLIAM C. FERRILL III
Dallas, Texas

Sirs: Oh, how I wish I had been born on the monotonous lone prairie so I could have the vision and individualistic spirit to admire and recognize the greatness of a socialistic self-seeker like McGovern.

LEON WILLIAMSON
Dalton, Ga.

VIETNAM

Sirs: Is this a democracy when an individual can say, "I have decided to continue bombing North Vietnam" ("Report from the Inferno," April 28)? If we all accept this, will we be subject to the same mass condemnation we directed at every man, woman and child of Germany? I believe our action in Vietnam is an act of aggression toward people who have had no voice in the kind of government they want.

MARGARET KOEHNLEIN
Waukesha, Wis.

Sirs: I read this article and wonder if LIFE magazine is under Communist control. You report the cruelty of U.S. Air Force bombing and the sufferings of the North Vietnamese and never mention who started this tragedy. Why do you not say that if the North Vietnamese did not attack below the DMZ, it would be peaceful to everyone? Do you know how many people will be killed if the North Vietnamese occupy South Vietnam? I came from China where Communists killed millions of

people. There is no freedom in Communist countries. I think you people do not have human hearts because you would accept Communism for the people of South Vietnam.

PETER WAY
San Diego, Calif.

NOSTALGIA

Sirs: Your photo of "Richard Nixon in the drink . . . defeated for the moment but determined to try again" ("17 Years Ago in LIFE," April 28) has a perfect modern parallel. There he is, in over his head, trying to solve the problem by brute force and ignorance, and threatening, with a smile on his face, to capsize the boat and throw everyone else into the drink with him.

ROBERT S. MARGULIES
Redondo Beach, Calif.

TV REVIEW

Sirs: Poor Cyclops! His silly review of *The Last of the Mohicans* ("Cosmic Urges in Indian Country," April 28) summarizes much that is wrong with modern people. He can't relax and enjoy a simple adventure. He has to strain and remember what he has read, and hunt for meanings and analyze. Mr. Twain on Mr. Cooper is vastly entertaining, and D. H. Lawrence is, well, D. H. Lawrence. But *Mohicans* is quite frankly a period piece, somewhat easier to take on television than in print, and really great fun.

KATHARINE T. BRADLEY
Madison, Wis.

Sirs: Why can't you play *Mohicans* straight? What do D. H. Lawrence's and Leslie Fiedler's criticism of an early American novel have to do with a television adaptation of that novel?

ELIZABETH R. STEBBINS
Quincy, Ill.

Sirs: Richard Locke puts it best: "... debased Freudianism that passes for modern wisdom."

Beloved Mark Twain's funny satire of Cooper's woods lore has long been deemed "cheap-shot" denigration of solid achievement. Leslie Fiedler never has been able to see the forest for the Freud. At least Lawrence had the cosmic acuity to observe that when the American Deerslayer moves, the world had better take heed. This is one time Cyclops blinked.

RAY ESSER
Madison, Wis.

JOLLY JUMPER

Sirs: The reader who wrote so grouchy about baby entrepreneur Patrick Ryan (Letters, May 5) needs her sense of humor overhauled. I found him a very jolly Irishman, flamboyantly funny in his travels with the Jolly Jumper. As for his quest for riches being "greed," I thought we called it capitalism.

MARIE HAENNI
St. Louis, Mo.

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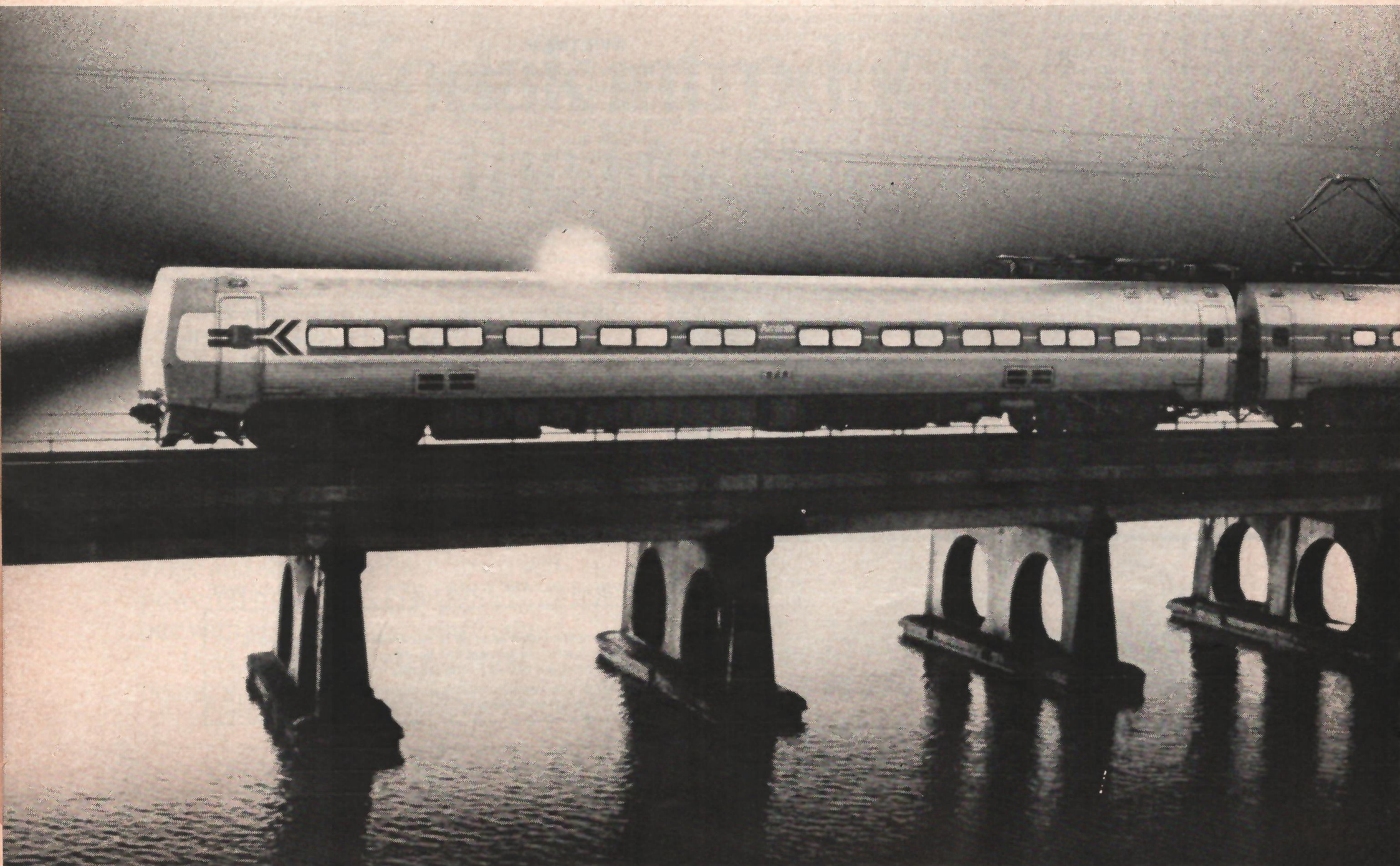
Better Scheduling. During the first six months, we improved schedules and connections on most of our trains and in most of our cities. On route after route, you now enjoy more convenient departures and arrivals, and more through trains. So even though it took a lot of our time, it saved a lot of yours.

The Mighty Metroliners. In the course of just one year, we doubled our popular Metroliner service from seven trains daily, each way, to fourteen. We also extended Metroliner service north to Westchester and New Haven. Our fast, modern Metroliners are now carrying over 2,000,000 passengers a year between New York and Washington.

Charge It. We wanted you to be able to charge your Amtrak ticket on a credit card as easily as you do a plane ticket. So we established the first nationwide unified card system for rail travelers. Soon you can use any of six credit cards in over a hundred cities.

Fun Trains. We ran special Fun Trains from Los Angeles and San Francisco to various resort cities. People had a great time. This summer we'll be running train tours to vacation centers all over the country, with special emphasis on the Southwest Indian country and our great National Parks.

Special Promotions. An early promotional test dealt with fares. A new low \$9.90 fare between New York and Boston produced a marked increase in ridership. Currently, we're offering a unique vacation promotion between



northern cities and Florida. Three full fares entitle you to a "Free Wheels" rental car for a week in Florida.

Our First Computerized Reservation Center. Amtrak has begun to automate its ticketing and reservation system. A computerized reservation center in Chicago now serves mid-western cities and is being expanded to neighboring states. Passengers get fast, accurate information on reservations, ticketing, train departures and arrivals. As soon as feasible, automation will be extended to other areas.

Terminal Improvements. Among a wide range of station changes, these are typical. In Chicago, we simplified train travel by cutting down from four stations to one. In Metropark, New Jersey, there is a brand-new station in the heart of a growing and mobile population. In Washington, D.C., we

improved the facilities, the parking and even the taxicab service.

You Talk-They Listen. We like to hear from our passengers firsthand. So we've assigned carefully trained, attractive young men and women as passenger representatives on many of our trains. They not only listen to your complaints, but to your suggestions. And help you with your travel plans.

New Uniforms. Before the year is over, you'll see how stylish train-wear can be made. Amtrak personnel are being outfitted with colorful, modern uniforms. This new look reflects the spirit of personal, attentive service you find on our trains. We know it's happening. Our fan mail tells us so.

Call Your Amtrak Travel Agent. There's no one better qualified to show you how trains can serve you on planning a vacation, a business trip, or

even a weekend visit. Currently, we have appointed 4637 Amtrak Travel Agents throughout the country. We recommend their services to you.

We're not overestimating what we've accomplished thus far. And certainly not underestimating the size of the task ahead. We still face major problems that will take lots of time, money and planning to solve. But we're not going to stop until you get the kind of train service America deserves.

We're making the trains worth traveling again.





How the President made up his mind

by HUGH SIDEY

In the Oval Office the symbolism of heroic defiance is overwhelming. The American eagle is there 15 times. From standards behind the President's desk hang more than 200 streamers commemorating triumphant U.S. military campaigns dating back to the birth of the Republic. George Washington in his general's stars looks down from over the mantel.

President Nixon seemed in the grip of the legend last week as he approached his final conviction that there was no other answer to the invasion of South Vietnam than to seal the harbors of the North with mines and go all-out with bombing. Even as behind-the-scenes activity increased, the White House grew strangely silent. It was a silence of concern, deeper concern than this administration has yet faced.

Nixon sat one day and mused, almost as much to himself as to the small band of his aides around him: "I know the risks involved." His manner was fatalistic, his tone one of total resignation. He was about to place everything he held important on the line—his careful moves toward a generation of peace, his own political future.

Delivering his decision to the congressional leaders just before his television address, he said it again in a different way: "I've crossed the Rubicon. The die is cast." The reason came a few minutes later, after he had explained what he planned to tell the nation. "They spit in our eye in Paris. What else can we do?" When he ended that session he said quietly to the assembled leaders, "If you can support me, I'll appreciate it. If you can't, I'll understand."

Not all could. After Nixon had left the session and Admiral Moorer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was explaining with his maps how the harbors would be mined and the land targets bombed, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield spoke up. "This is a major expansion of the war. It will have grave effects on this world far beyond this time." Sen. William Fulbright declared, "If it wasn't Nixon's war before, it certainly is now."

"Have you thought of a Dunkirk-type operation?" asked Washington's Sen. Warren Magnuson, one of those old hawks who has turned dove. The President had cited the danger to the 60,000 Americans still in Vietnam as the main reason for this new involvement. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, with some profound doubts of his own about Nixon's decision, was ready with an answer. "Yes," he said, "but that is not a viable policy for the United States."

Ever since those first North Vietnamese units crossed the DMZ on Easter weekend, the White House had been building toward this crunch. Week by week, the stern, worried Nixon closeted himself long hours with Henry Kissinger and John Connally, listening and probing, using

these two closest advisers to test his own ideas of American resolve and power. The messages to Moscow and Hanoi increased as the military situation in South Vietnam deteriorated. Kissinger took his secret flight to Russia. Out of his long talks with Party leader Leonid Brezhnev and those warm walks on the lawn overlooking Moscow, he was led to understand that the Soviet Union did not want a crisis in Vietnam. It was further suggested that if the U.S. resumed the peace talks, there would be some progress. But Kissinger's secret trip to the negotiation table in Paris was a disaster. When the President heard of Kissinger's humiliation, having to listen in the private meeting with Le Duc Tho to tirades which had already been published, Nixon was coldly furious. It may have been then, a week before his speech, that he knew deep within himself that he would order escalation.

Nixon pored over Kissinger's detailed studies of North Vietnam's supply situation. There was a separate volume on possible foreign reaction and, of course, the long memos and longer talks with Kissinger and Connally about the possible responses of the Soviet Union. There was true sadness as the choices evolved.

Nixon had wanted out of Vietnam. He was the one who had withdrawn half a million men and sought a final resolution to the lingering tragedy. But he could not bring himself to accept the final enemy demand to abandon the South Vietnamese government. What hardened in Nixon's mind now was the conviction that North Vietnam no longer was interested in any kind of reasonable solution. What they sought was a total military victory. For the man who admired the way John Kennedy stood up ten years ago at the Cuban missile crisis, the man who felt the honor of his presidency was threatened, the man who had lived his entire life as a battle to be fought unrelentingly, there was only one answer.

Five weeks before, Nixon had felt that his whole plan for world stability was falling into place just as he had wanted it to. His China summit had been a success, Russia seemed eager to limit nuclear weapons, to stabilize Europe. The Moscow summit gleamed ahead as another presidential spectacular, providing in addition the prospect of real progress toward peace. It is by such dashed hopes that his disappointment must be measured. Its depth is still not fully appreciated.

It seemed possible to Nixon, looking forward, that the military crisis in South Vietnam might reach its climax just as he landed in Moscow. The thought of being photographed toasting the Soviet leaders at the moment Soviet-supplied tanks were rumbling through the mangled streets of Hué was too disastrous to contemplate. He concluded that he had to move fast.

Early in his deliberation, he had decided that he would not raise a challenge gradually, the way Lyndon Johnson had escalated the war. That, in Nixon's mind, was Johnson's downfall. The Nixon move would come all at once—not only harbors mined but bombing greater than any yet seen in this world, bombing of any and all military targets, bombing of rail lines and the destruction of any airlifts mounted by Russia. But along with it would come the most generous offer yet for a cease-fire and a complete American withdrawal.

To John Connally this seemed the right answer. One high administration source watched Connally across the table during the deliberations and was reminded of a frontier Texan with his six-shooters blazing. It was Lyndon Johnson and the Alamo syndrome all over again. Another Nixon aide was heard to mutter not once, but several times, "We ought to nuke 'em." Such opinions were the exception, however. Henry Kissinger's private convictions, to the extent they could be detected, seemed less than granite.

State and Defense and the CIA expressed their worries. But, locked in his own convictions, by Saturday Nixon was in his lonely crow's nest at Camp David writing his own speech. On Sunday he finished it. And though he held deliberations all day Monday, his mind was fully made up. That night he spoke.

Just a few hours before announcing his decision, Nixon headed for his private quarters in the Executive Office Building, followed by a Secret Service man.





From the Oval Office of the White House, where he sat before television cameras to deliver his speech, Nixon went straight to the adjoining Cabinet Room. There, Cabinet members and aides rose to greet him, applauding.

The Vietnam tragedy

There have been times in this century when the United States was in worse peril—times when its own territory was bombed, times when its casualties ran conspicuously higher, times when nuclear war was at risk. But has there been a time in which we could take so little pride in our policy, as it continues to unfold in Vietnam, or have so little confidence in its success?

Precisely because our survival was never involved in Vietnam, this is an appropriate time to ask where does democracy fit in the waging of an undeclared war. Is its proper role only to go along with what a President decides, assenting to actions already in progress before we are told of them? To accept as binding on all of us his definitions of what interests of ours are at stake, and where our honor lies? To receive without debate his extensions of the field of battle and otherwise to sit loyally mute? Something is now terribly askew in the conduct of our foreign affairs. This has been a closely held presidential war too long, and becomes more and more so. The result is to overburden and isolate a President, make Congress only a money-supplying auxiliary, and to frustrate a public which is told its only choice and necessary duty is to support the President. But the most serious objection is that such a state of affairs can produce bad decisions.

Our underestimated President

Sympathize with the President's predicament: he didn't get us into this war (even though his philosophical assumptions weren't basically different from those who did). He badly wants out of it: the war gets in the way of a grander vision he has of developing fruitful relationships with the two great Communist powers, which he and Henry Kissinger have pursued with imagination and skill. He made ending our involvement in Vietnam the key to his first term, and said three weeks before the 1968 election, "I want to make one thing clear: those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace should not be given another chance."

Richard Nixon has been a much underestimated man: they were wrong who thought him merely a pliant politician who bent to every popular wind; he sees himself as submitting to one crisis testing after another, and his courage deserves to be acknowledged, even while we challenge his judgment and deplore his actions.

Who's being tested?

Twelve days separated the President's first and second TV addresses to the nation on Vietnam. In the first, the President expressed his faith in South Vietnam's ability to survive—and got General Abrams to go bail for it. Therefore, he said, Hanoi's "one remaining hope is to win in the Congress of the United States and among the people of the United States the victory they cannot win among the people of South Vietnam or on the battlefield of South Vietnam." In that first

speech it was we, the American people, who in "this final challenge" were being tested. On how we behaved, peace in the Middle East, in Europe and elsewhere would turn.

In those 12 days the American response was relatively mild—a few campus outbreaks, which didn't even command the support of campus majorities. Most everybody else numbly watched the dejecting evening war spectacle on television, hoped Henry Kissinger's trip to Russia might have some dramatic effect on the peace talks, and hoped too that the South Vietnamese would hold, with the powerful help of our air armadas.

For of course it was the South Vietnamese who were really being tested (along with the President's policy of Vietnamization), and it was this testing—and the prospects of worse to come—that produced the President's second and infinitely more alarming speech. The two Vietnamese sides now gather for a crucial battle, which apparently must be played out before the real equations of a negotiation, if there is even to be one, can be recognized. The North Vietnamese seem ready to spend heavily of their own forces, and are not apt to be tender if the other side gives way; the South Vietnamese are more numerous and better equipped, but what will decide is the generalship and will of the two sides. It has come to that at last, and as Dean Acheson used to say, you can supply another nation with everything except will.

Back to Goldwater

The President is a bold gambler: something else we have come to know about him. Usually careful and calculating, but capable too of miscalculation.

So now we have the 1964 Goldwater solution: interdicting the harbors of the North, heretofore regarded, by Nixon as by Lyndon Johnson, as dangerous for the hostile response it could invite from Peking and Moscow. Rather than wait the outcome of battle, the President has chosen to involve Russia in an unnecessary confrontation, thus dangerously heightening the risks we are taking. Now he must rely on Russian prudence, if Russia is not to respond in kind to his warlike threat to its vessels. And overhead, unprecedented flights of bombers drop death and destruction on the North. The past history of such bombing is that havoc results, but often a strengthening of resistance as well. Where will Nixon stop? He was asked, at that gathering of Texas millionaires at John Connally's ranch, how about hitting the dams and dikes of North Vietnam. "While it is a strategic target, and indirectly a military target," Nixon answered, "it would result in an enormous number of civilian casualties. That is something that we want to avoid." But should the North continue its offensive, "they are taking a very great risk. . . . I will just leave it there, and they can make their own choice."

So we have not yet come to bombing of the dikes. Yet heavy saturation bombing of the North, which does not protect our 60,000 troops

in the South and cannot affect the battle there, must at this stage be largely an exercise in reprisal and punishment. A good many Americans find this policy shameful. But they weren't asked.

Lowering the terms

Under the cover of his new military actions, and surrounded by a great deal of inflammatory rhetoric about naked aggression, arrogant behavior and international outlawry by the other side, the President lowered his terms for getting out. Give us our prisoners back, he said, and permit an internationally supervised cease-fire, and we will "stop all acts of force throughout Indochina" and withdraw all American forces from Vietnam within four months. The Vietnamese could then make their own political settlements.

These are generous terms, he said. They are. And they are probably pretty close to what any final settlement will bring. They make no mention of Hanoi calling off its invasion and pulling back first; make no insistence that we can guarantee the independence of South Vietnam after we leave. All the more regrettable that the President does not match this compromising attitude with words in the same spirit, but instead reiterates that if there's a Communist take-over after we leave, the office of President of the United States will lose respect and I am not going to let that happen." He has spoken before of the "nightmare of recriminations" he fears in the United States if our exit from Vietnam goes sour. The people who might feel this way come largely from the constituency he speaks for. He has never really used his prestige with this constituency to accustom it to our scaled-down terms for leaving. He escalates the language of hostility even as he moderates his terms for peace.

Let's not close ranks

Too much now turns on whether Richard Nixon thinks the Russians, or Hanoi, by their actions have treated the office of the President with insolence and arrogance. We hear often of heavy presidential burdens; we would all be better off if some of them were shared with Congress and the people. For the balance of decision is now out of kilter. Too much turns on one man's introspective responses—a man who seems incapable of seeking wide counsel even inside his own administration. Men prominent in that administration have serious misgivings about his new policy, doubts that are both moral and pragmatic. Perhaps they find it hard to resign. But there are concerned and patriotic members of his own party in Congress who think the President is embarked on a policy that is dangerously wrong, wrong in a pattern that has become tragically familiar over seven years of war. Their fears are shared by Democrats, not necessarily presidential candidates, in the House and Senate. We think they should resist the seductive call to inactivity which holds that everyone must rally around a President even when he is wrong. It is time for a loyal opposition to form, to be heard, and to be counted.



You've bundled them off to school and office. Now you can relax with a second cup of coffee and the full-bodied flavor only one cigarette delivers...

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings and Super Kings: 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '71).

**RICH
RICH
L&M**

Chances are airline exactly

And it's not your fault.

The fault lies with the airlines themselves for having made things like a hot meal, a movie and a smile the basis on which to choose an airline.

And they shouldn't be.

Because if there's one area in which no one airline can hold a meaningful edge on the other airlines, it's the hot meal, movie and smile area.

So you're shortchanging yourself if you choose an airline solely on this basis.

Especially if you're going on vacation. And most definitely if you're traveling abroad on vacation.

For what that costs you should be getting more from an airline than a pleasant plane ride.

You should get help planning your trip. Before you go. So you don't waste time and money once you're there figuring out what to do and what not to.

There are more than 7,000 Pan Am travel agents across the country who can help you do just that. Whether it be a week in Europe, a once-in-a-lifetime round-the-world vacation, or one of our many tours. (Having invented the air tour back in 1935 we naturally offer a wider range today than anyone else.) In addition, there are more than 50 Pan Am offices in the United States where we have information on everything from what to wear, where, to how much to tip waiters and cabdrivers in Pago Pago.

Once you're on vacation you



you choose an wrong.

**"Fly with us and get the world's
smilingest stewardesses."**



**"Fly with us and get the world's
liveliest color coordinations."**



may find that things crop up that you could use some help with.

We help.

We have offices all over the world (it's pretty hard to be very far from one), staffed with people ready to do everything for you from cashing your personal check in an emergency to changing your hotel reservations to suggesting a little out-of-the-way restaurant the guidebooks haven't discovered yet.

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And you don't pay us anything extra for any of these services. The pre-trip planning or the help you get once you're there. And, of course, at Pan Am your air fare is exactly the same as it is on all the other scheduled airlines.

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When you fly on Pan Am you're flying on the airline that opened more of the world to air travel than all the other airlines combined.

The airline that has been carrying (and caring for) overseas passengers longer than most airlines have even existed.

The airline, incidentally, that started it all by serving the first warm meal and showing the first movie.

Little did we know....

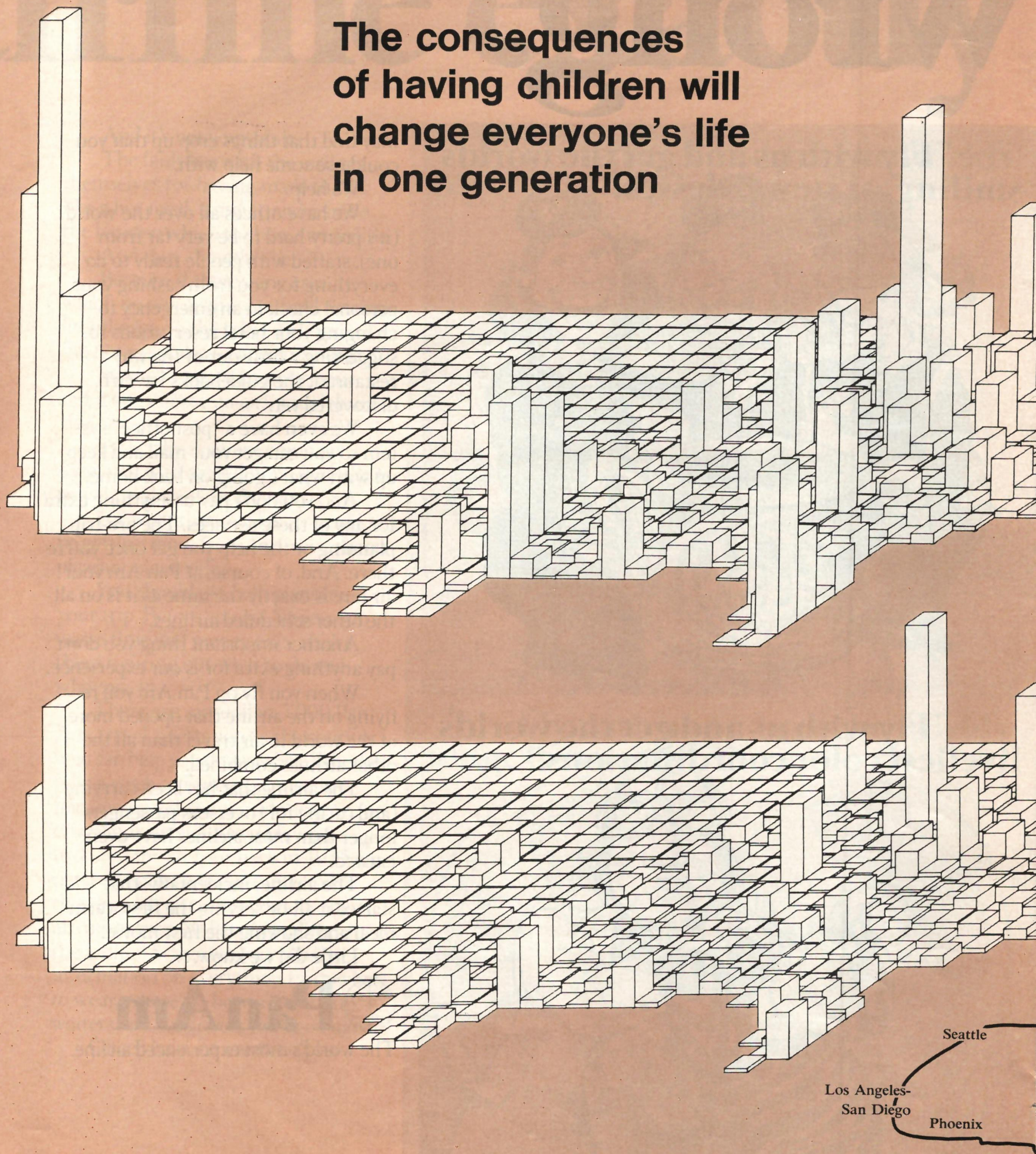


PanAm

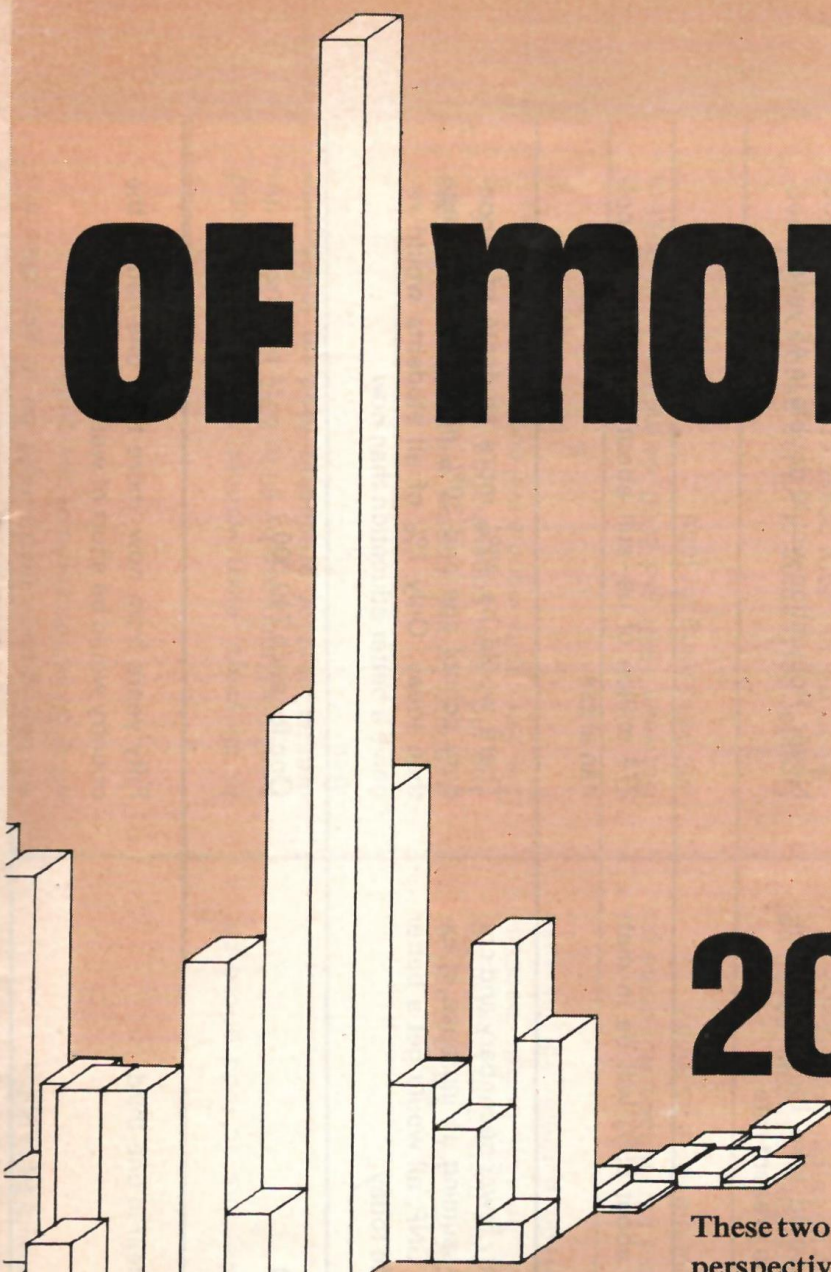
The world's most experienced airline.

THE CRUCIAL MATH

The consequences
of having children will
change everyone's life
in one generation

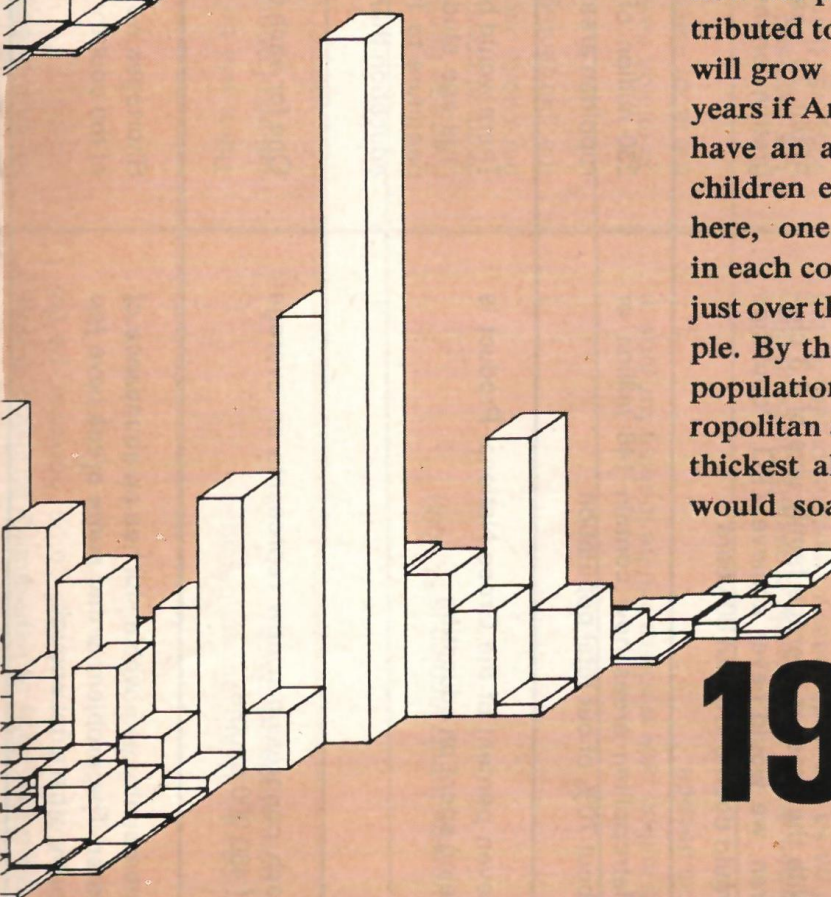


OF MOTHERHOOD



2000

These two computer-made perspective maps of the U.S. (see key below) show how our population is distributed today, and how it will grow over the next 28 years if American families have an average of three children each. As printed here, one inch of height in each column represents just over three million people. By the year 2000, the population density of metropolitan areas, which are thickest along the coasts, would soar almost 90%.



1972

This week there are 2 million more Americans than there were 12 months ago. In two huge metropolitan regions on the east and west coasts (left), the population is shooting up even faster than it is in India. Although the national birthrate has actually been declining for the last decade, the inexorable mathematics of motherhood means that the U.S. is still growing by more than one percent a year. At this rate, there will be about 280 million of us by the year 2000, enough to force a marked change in many of the ways we now live.

Both the Pill and easier abortion laws have helped lower the birthrate in recent years. So have inflation, job shortages and the women's rights movement, all of which tend to encourage later marriages and fewer children. Last month, after an exhaustive two-year study, the presidential Commission on Population Growth and the American Future recommended that we now seize the chance to stabilize our population. The commission, headed by John D. Rockefeller III, favors abortion on request, free contraceptive information and supplies for all, including minors, and a national policy of zero population growth. Married couples would be encouraged to have an average of only two children (the present average is 2.3).

President Nixon responded to his commission's report by attacking both the legalization of abortion and the distribution of contraceptive supplies to minors. Last week, in a rare intrusion into state affairs, he also wrote a letter to Cardinal Terence Cooke, endorsing an effort to repeal New York's liberal abortion law. On the following pages LIFE reports other aspects of this bitterly controversial subject.

Denver

Dallas-Fort Worth

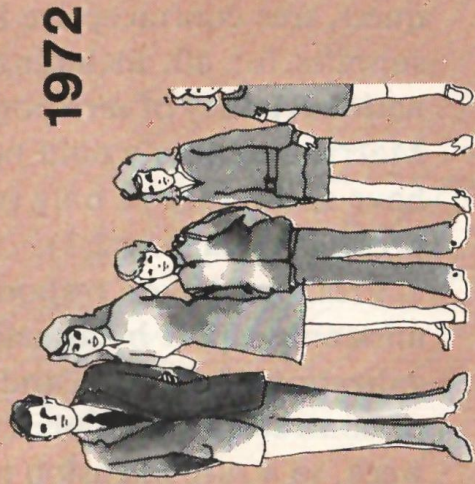
Miami

Chicago

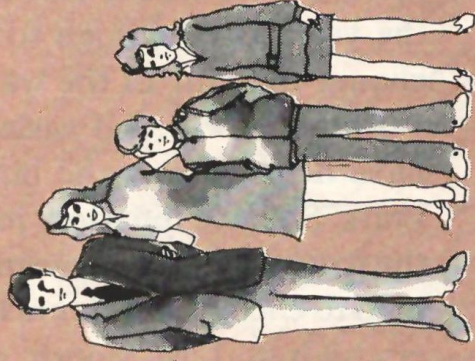
New York

What the year 2000 could bring

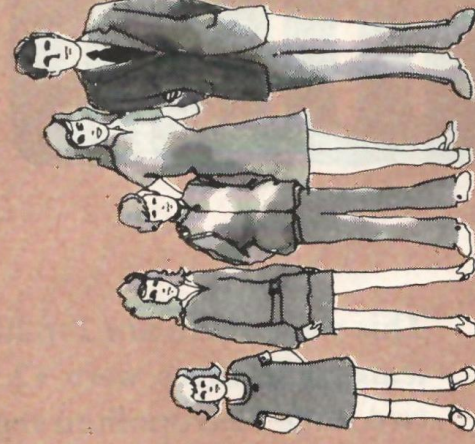
What will American life be like in the year 2000? The following chart, based on projections by the Commission on Population Growth, shows how an increase or decrease in average family size will affect our population—and hence our society.



1972



Year 2000

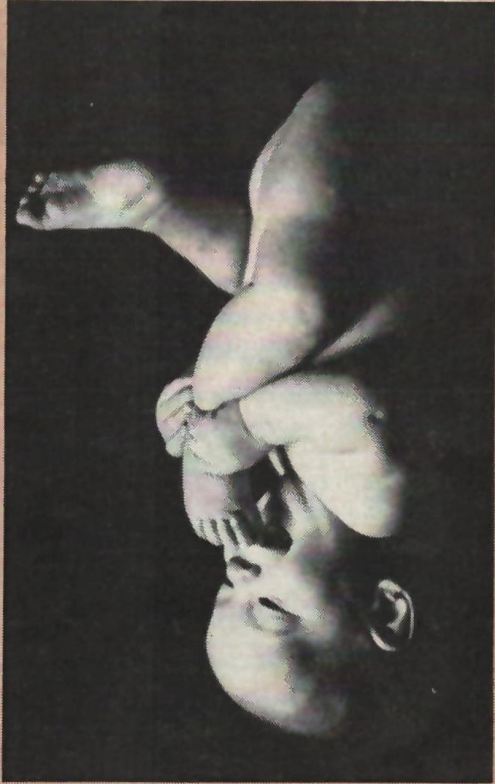


	2.3 CHILDREN	TWO CHILDREN	THREE CHILDREN
Total Population	209 million	271 million	322 million
Age Spread	70 million people are now under 18, 115 million between 18 and 64, 20 million over 64	75 million will be under 18, 167 million between 18 and 64, 29 million over 64	114 million will be under 18, 179 million between 18 and 64, 29 million over 64
Dependents	78 dependents—meaning those under 18 and over 64—to each 100 people in the population aged between 18 and 64	62 dependents per 100 people	80 dependents per 100 people
Time to Reach Zero Population Growth	With the present average family size of 2.3 children, we would never achieve ZPG. Population would double in about 80 years	About 70 years. It would take longer if immigration continues at its present rate	Never. Population would double in 45 years
Where We Would Live	Metropolitan areas now contain 146 million or about 70% of our total population	230 million of us or about 85% will be in metropolitan areas	274 million of us—still about 85%—in metropolitan areas
Education	Seven percent of the Gross National Product is being spent on education	There would be slightly fewer secondary and college-age students. Assuming an increase in expenditure to 10% of GNP, all would get a better education than they do today	There would be 45% more students of secondary school age and 30% more of college age than today. Only 7% of all students would receive a better education than now
Congressional Representation	Each congressman now represents an average of 480,000 people	One for each 623,000	One for each 740,000
Water	The country as a whole still has an abundance of water. The problem is that some areas have too much, others not enough	Shortages would appear in one-third of the country	Fifty years from now, more than one-half of the country would be short of water

Farmland	Only about 75% of high-quality farmland is now in use. This figure should go up, however, partly because efforts to reduce the use of chemical fertilizers and pesticides make land less productive	All high-quality land would be in use	All high-quality land would be in use plus another 50 million acres of low-quality land
Food Prices	Prices are rising, but not because of population pressure	There will be little pressure on food prices because of population	In 50 years, even without inflation, farm food prices will increase by 40 to 50% because of the greater cost of producing food on low-quality land
Income	Average family income is \$12,000	Average family income will pass \$20,000 and individual consumption will more than double. But per capita income will be 15% higher, because the percentage of wage earners will increase	Average family income also will pass \$20,000 and individual consumption will more than double. Per capita income will not increase
Labor	35 million new workers will be looking for jobs in this decade	35 million new workers per decade will come on the labor market, about the same as today	Between 1990 and 2000, 44 million new workers will be looking for jobs
Recreation	Urban areas are already crowded. Some national parks are under heavy seasonal pressure, but on the whole facilities are adequate	The demand for recreation facilities could be 30% less than with the three-child family	Greater percentage of young people in the population will put very heavy pressures on outdoor recreation areas

The sure disaster of one-child families

The population commission report does not offer detailed projections for a one-child family in the year 2000. But such a drastic change in family size would ultimately lead to social and economic disaster. Since an average family size of two children means zero population growth, or a stable population, a one-child family means a *shrinking* population. At first, one-child families would only slow down growth. There might even be some temporary benefits: more teachers and classroom space, less economic pressure on family heads. But then around 1990, our population would crest at about 220 million and begin to fall rapidly: to 218 million in 2000, 195 million in 2020, and only 125 million in 2050. Now there would be an excess of almost everything—except people. Our consumption-based economy would falter because of labor shortages and lagging sales. Our cities would have a surplus of housing—and trouble maintaining it. Even the character of our population would be vastly different. By 2050, we would be a much older people: 60-year-olds would outnumber one-year-olds by three to one.



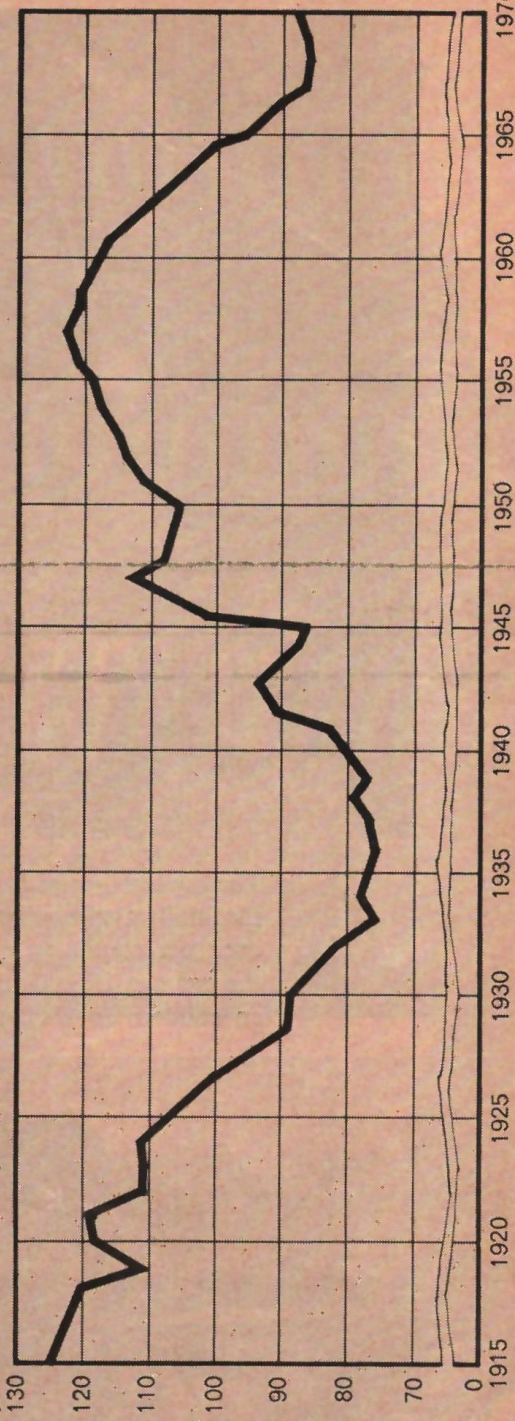
The 70-year life span of a baby boom

A radical change in the birthrate, even if it doesn't last long, has a long-lasting effect. The best example of this phenomenon is the post-World War II baby boom. From 1950 to 1960 there were 40 million births, 10 million more than in the previous decade. This created a bulge in our population which, like a pig in a python, has been moving along and creating problems ever since. In the mid-1950s shortages of classrooms and teachers began to plague elementary schools. Secondary schools and colleges felt the squeeze next. But today primary school enrollments are dropping: instead of having too many students we have too many teachers. The bulge

has now reached the marriage and job age, and new pressures are being exerted. Some demographers worry that a second baby boom might start. From 1960 to 1980, for example, the number of women between 15 and 34, those with the greatest reproductive potential, will increase by two-thirds. In addition, during the 1970s, 700,000 more people will be looking for jobs each year than in the decade before. When the baby-boom children finally reach retirement age early in the 21st century, they will place a heavy new burden on our systems for supporting older people. Only then, some 70 years after it started, will the major effects of the boom begin to subside.

GENERAL FERTILITY RATE, UNITED STATES, 1915-1970

General Fertility Rate
(Number of children born per 1,000 women 15-44)





The big family was long an American ideal. But in 1910, when the family above was photographed, the average number of children per couple was already dropping past 3.5. The size of the average U.S. family declined steadily from a high of seven children in 1800 to a low of 2.1 during the Depression.



Easy mobility has always been an American tradition. Ninety years ago, when families like the one above arrived in Nebraska to settle, Americans felt free to pick up stakes and move anywhere. And they still do today (below): one out of five Americans moves every year. The major trend is now from the troubled central cities into the sprawling metropolitan suburbs.



A national 'epidemic' of unwanted children

No less than 15% of all babies born to married couples between 1966 and 1970 were unwanted, reported the population commission. "The incidence of unwanted fertility," declared the commissioners, "in terms of ordinary medical health criteria would qualify as of epidemic proportions." One-third of all couples conceive their first child before they are married, and among couples who decide they have had enough children, a third still go on to have at least one more. If every family were able to have only the number of children it wanted, the commission concluded, the U.S. would have gone a long way toward solving its population problem.

The commission's major recommendations, therefore, aim at helping people to avoid all unwanted children. Contraceptive services, and sex-education and population programs, the report said, should be expanded so that they are available to everyone, teen-agers as well as adults, single people as well as married couples; every state should liberalize its abortion laws so that any woman, married or single, could terminate her pregnancy; public and private health organizations should combine to subsidize the full cost of contraception, voluntary sterilization and abortion.

Besides these direct measures, the commission noted with disapproval the large number of social and psychological pressures in our society that encourage too many people to get married and, once married, to have children. Historically, we have always equated population growth with national prosperity and progress. More children meant more help on the farm, more support in old age, a greater market for businessmen and a bigger labor force. During the 1930's Depression, when the birth-rate took an abrupt fall, there was frightened talk of "race suicide" and of a final end to all prosperity. A hundred years ago the average U.S. family had five children.

Today, the commission argues, "for most people, choosing to remain childless is not a real option." Even among population activists, beliefs and behavior do not always coincide. In a recent poll of members of an organization favoring an average of 1.2 children per couple to achieve instant stabilization, a majority of those under 30 nevertheless planned to have more than one child.

Among the social pressures that play a part in encouraging 95% of women to get married, the commission singled out the traditional roles learned at home and in school (jobs for boys, motherhood for girls), discrimination against working women and particularly working mothers, and restrictions against postgraduate education for women. "There is no denying the strength of these pressures in today's society," says the commission, "or the psychic punishments employed in their enforcement." The commission recommended the passage of an equal rights amendment and of laws against sex discrimination right down to the local level, as well as a looser definition of human goals in the home and at school. Their reasoning is that if the number of women who become mothers could be reduced by just 8% and the number of couples willing to limit their families to only one or two children could be increased by 9%, then our population would stabilize.

Compared to the hopeful and practical tone of its recommendations, however, the report concedes that the U.S. may have a tough time enacting any population policy. Instead of a single government agency, there are hundreds of different state and local bodies—and nine separate congressional committees—making decisions, often contradictory ones. And no areas of public concern are quite so sensitive politically as birth control, abortion and family planning. ■

CONTINUED



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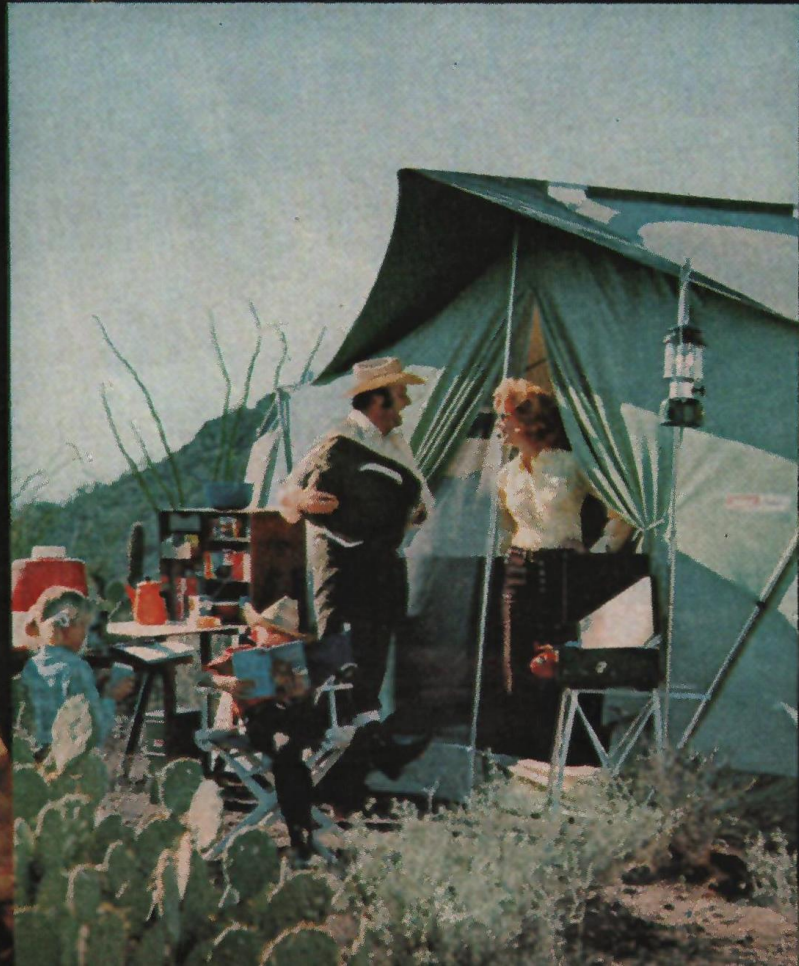
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One mother's blast at motherhood

Shirley Radl, a Palo Alto, Calif. housewife and mother of two, is executive director of a new group called the National Organization for Non-parents (NON). NON favors reducing population by encouraging childless marriage and "debunking the myths of motherhood." The following quotes were taken from a book Mrs. Radl is writing called Mother's Day Is Over:

The eight years before we had children were glorious. I had an enjoyable career, an idyllic home life. But friends pitied us, undoubtedly worried we would continue living hedonistic, meaningless but terribly comfortable lives unless we became parents.

When I was pregnant the first time, we celebrated our eighth wedding anniversary. My husband gave me an exquisite pearl bracelet. Six years later I was picking up the pearls in my vacuum cleaner. My son had destroyed it. It is a sad symbol of how two children affected a once-beautiful relationship.

It's hard to admit that my beautiful, wanted and planned children could arouse rage in me and could disturb my once-ideal marriage. I'd fallen for the Big Lie, that fulfillment automatically comes with motherhood. But now I'm confident there's enough love in our family to withstand a certain amount of truth.

A mother, according to TV and most women's magazines, is a happy person suited, without training, to one of the most formidable jobs in the world. But a mother is also *me*, and I'm a failure as one. I'm not cut out to be a service machine, laundress, PTA member, nurse. My kids deserve better than they got.

It's not enough for every child to be wanted as Planned Parenthood says. He must be wanted, not only at the start, but forever.

Bearing children is a gamble with lives of innocents. The greatest failure is to have children and learn too late you're not equipped for that career. We who learned the truth must level with an unsuspecting generation of potential mothers. They must look beyond the myths, seek the truth, judge their capacities accordingly. Plan carefully: the life you save may be your own.

You don't have to justify deciding to be childless. It's no one's business if your ovaries don't work, or if they do. If you are pressured to "prove yourself," take it from one who has been there.

We don't tell others what jobs to take, whom they should marry, where to vacation. It's bad manners to ask how much money they make. Yet others' breeding habits, *if* they are childless, are considered fair game. The couples with children, who are miserable, don't hesitate to urge others to follow their examples.

When we started our family, it didn't occur to us we were succumbing to social pressure and the media. Now we see that all this couldn't fail to have conditioned us. We never discussed the matter thoroughly, and it never occurred to us we might not be cut out for parenthood. Why, we put more thought into buying a car than bringing two children into the world.

Festooned with NON buttons, Shirley Radl perches on a wall outside her Palo Alto home (top). At right, a playmate pins a NON button on 7-year-old Lisa Radl, one of Mrs. Radl's two children.



CONTINUED

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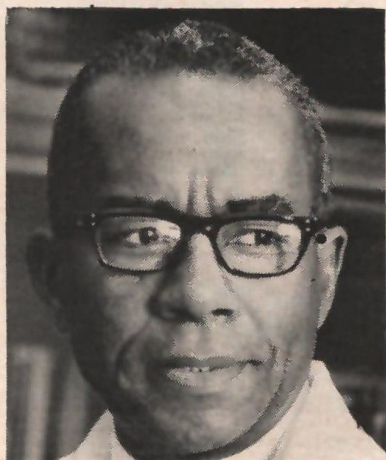
Not every student of population affairs agrees with the presidential commission's view. Ben J. Wattenberg, coauthor (with former U.S. census director Richard Scammon) of *This U.S.A.*, criticizes what he calls "the current rhetoric of crisis." He points out that the U.S. is still one of the most sparsely populated nations on earth. With an overall density of 55 people per square mile, it is far less crowded than such western countries as Holland (975 people per square mile), England (588), Switzerland (382) and even Mexico (60). Wattenberg believes that the U.S., if it had to, could support twice—and probably even four times—its present population.

Wattenberg is one of a number of experts who think that talk about the population explosion serves as a smoke screen to obscure other real problems. "Crime, pollution, traffic jams, irritability, crowded national parks, the disappearance of the bald eagle, malnutrition, war, race tensions and riot were a few of the symptoms that have been ascribed to the three-child family," he says. Such problems will not go away automatically even if we do enter the era of the two-child family.

Wattenberg thinks that population in itself is less important than what people decide to do about social ills. A similar point of view was expressed by a member of the presidential commission itself, Dr. Paul B. Cornely, professor of Community Health Practice at Howard University. In a separate supplementary statement to the commission report, Dr. Cornely declared his belief in the need for "a radical rearrangement of our values and priorities as well as the relationship of man to himself, of men to each other, and to the earth from which we sprang." In practical terms, this will mean such tactics as encouraging people to settle away from congested metropolitan areas, planning new cities and using tax policies and incentives to redistribute industries.

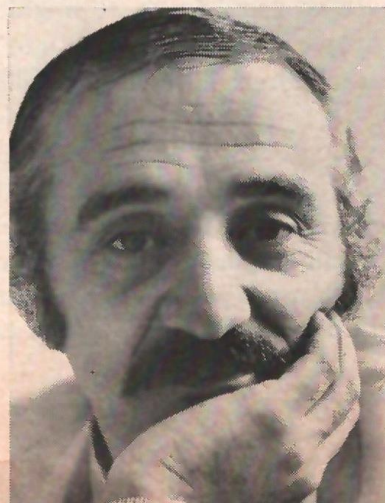
One argument in favor of continued growth comes from economists who think that it creates a steadily increasing demand for goods and services. "Population growth," says Colin Clark, an Australian economist, "has been a driving force in the U.S. economy for more than three centuries." Another argument is that more people pay more taxes, but all government expenses do not necessarily rise proportionally. So there might be money left over for other things, such as pollution control measures.

Then there is the geopolitical argument. "The facts of world power and population," says Clark, "are inescapably connected." A country needs 100 million people to be a great power these days, he believes, and of the seven nations with more than this number, only four are still growing at an undiminished rate: China, India, Pakistan and Indonesia. Thus, he says, 50 years hence we may have a world dominated by the Asian countries.



Dr. Cornely thinks worry about
population control distracts us
from more serious problems.

Ben Wattenberg considers the
population explosion "a myth
perpetuated by scaremongers."



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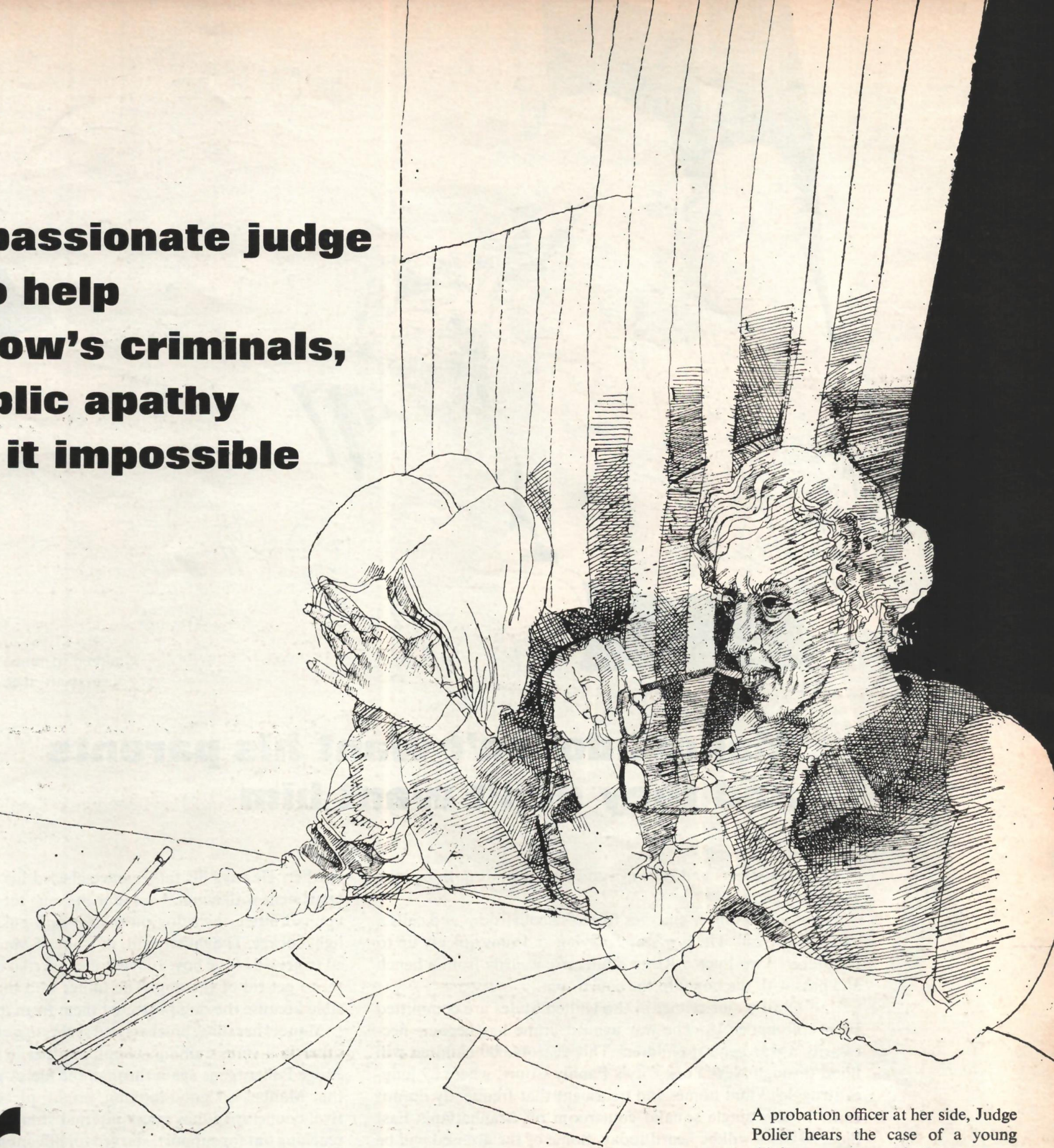


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A probation officer at her side, Judge Polier hears the case of a young thief, in court with his parents.

The War Against Children

by JAMES MILLS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN E. COBER

The courtroom has a sink on the wall, a bathroom mirror, peeling paint, and in fact resembles less a courtroom than a public toilet. Trials here are secret—lawyers may attend, but not the public, and newsmen enter only by permission. The defendants are children. As young as 7, they come accused of everything from rape and murder to simple truancy and staying out too late. The secrecy, it is said, protects these children. But it also protects a system which—fully exposed, scrutinized and properly dealt with—could not, one hopes, survive an instant.

In a waiting hall outside the courtroom, long brown benches and the brown tile floor are littered with the shrapnel of exploded families—crying children, distressed and tired parents, small clusters of sorrow who sit for hours awaiting their minute with the judge. A boy of 10 races between the benches, laughing, yelling, trying to play tag with a young Legal Aid attorney. The boy is dirty as only a street kid can be dirty. He is wearing torn sneakers, black pants, ragged green sweater and, on top of long tangled hair, a beret tipped slightly over one eye. He has

CONTINUED



← PART 4

Children, parents, social workers and police await their moment in court.

Manuel doesn't want his parents and they don't want him

CONTINUED

survived the streets and subways and clearly finds nothing here worthy of alarm.

A uniformed officer emerges from the courtroom and calls a name. "Torres!" The boy stops playing and runs quickly up to the officer. Two Puerto Rican adults rise wearily from a bench and pass with the boy into the courtroom.

Half of all major crimes in the United States are committed by people under 18. The war against crime has become necessarily a war against children. This year 44,000 children will flood through New York City's Family Court, where 39 judges struggle to find homes and treatment that frequently do not exist. In this single squalid courtroom on Manhattan's East Side, 30 cases will be heard today. Some of the accused will be sent home, some to mental hospitals, some to state training schools, some back to the streets. Few if any will receive the care and treatment they require. The judge is a woman, 69-year-old Justine Wise Polier, who in 36 years on the bench has heard more children's cases than any other jurist in the nation. She knows better than anyone what this system does for and to children.

Tall, slender, gray-haired, Judge Polier sits at a desk across from a large paper calendar Scotch-taped to the wall. She is flanked by a court stenographer and a probation officer. She has open before her a thick folder of reports, studies and other documents concerning the Torres boy. His name is Manuel, and she remembers him from earlier appearances. Though he looks 10, he is in fact 14. His parents brought him to court for running away. But parents often minimize their reasons for seeking the court's assistance. Manuel says he runs away from home because his father gets drunk, beats him up and attacks his

mother. He says his father once chased his mother out of the apartment with a gun. Last time in court the parents said Manuel had bitten their dog on the ear and pushed its nose into a light socket. The father said, in front of Manuel, that he wanted to get rid of the boy. Judge Polier asked if it would not be better to get rid of the dog. The father said that that was impossible because the dog protected them from drug addicts.

Manuel has three brothers and sisters in a children's home, another in a state training school, another in a mental hospital. Judge Polier reads again through the file. A psychologist writes that Manuel is "good-looking, bright, pleasant, alert, perceptive, cooperative, has many internal strengths and controls, is reaching out for support, starved for affection and recognition." A school report says "he makes a great effort, is thought well of by his teachers, attendance is regular." A social worker found the family's neighborhood "saturated with drug addicts . . . many robberies . . . living conditions far below standard. . . . Difficult to see how the boy can survive in this environment."

After an earlier trip to court, Manuel was taken from his home and placed temporarily in a children's jail called Juvenile Center. A social worker who saw him there reported that "he was scared and afraid that the other children would do bad things to him." Moved to a children's home, he ran away, claiming later that a guidance counselor "always wanted to watch us get undressed." When a psychologist asked Manuel what he wanted to do in life, the boy answered, "Be a policeman so I can get rid of the drug pushers." Manuel said he had had a dream in which a man killed his mother and raped his sister. Manuel was a policeman and caught the man and took him to the gas chamber. Manuel says he wants to leave his parents and live in a foster home. The parents say they want that too. But at the moment no foster homes are available. Nei-

The names and some other identifying characteristics of children and families mentioned in this article have been changed.

CONTINUED



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Choosing between street and jail, she picks jail

CONTINUED

ther is there a place at a children's home. Judge Polier studies the files, studies the boy, studies the parents—and tries to think of what to do. There is no solution. She may return the boy to his home, where he is not wanted and does not want to go, and from which he will certainly run away, or she can send him to Juvenile Center, to jail. Between the hazards of ghetto streets and jail, she picks jail.

Manuel is sitting between his mother and a Legal Aid lawyer, elbows on the table, back straight, biting his thumbnail, beret on the table in front of him. The judge explains that the court will try to find a place for him where he can live and go to school, but meanwhile he will have to go to Juvenile Center. When he hears "Juvenile Center," his face contorts in anger and he grabs his beret. A court officer leads him to the door, and Manuel shouts back, "I'm going to run away!"

The judge shakes her head and puts the case down for next week, with instructions to the probation department to seek placement.

Judge Polier came to the bench strong, but not tough, and has managed to remain so. When she was 21 she took an \$18-a-week job in a New Jersey cotton mill to investigate labor conditions. She was discovered, fired and threatened with arrest. She went to Yale Law School and in 1935 became the first woman in New York to hold a judicial post higher than magistrate. Female judges were so unheard of that when the first man to emerge from her courtroom was asked how it had gone, he replied, "Well, the judge wasn't there—but his wife treated me just fine."

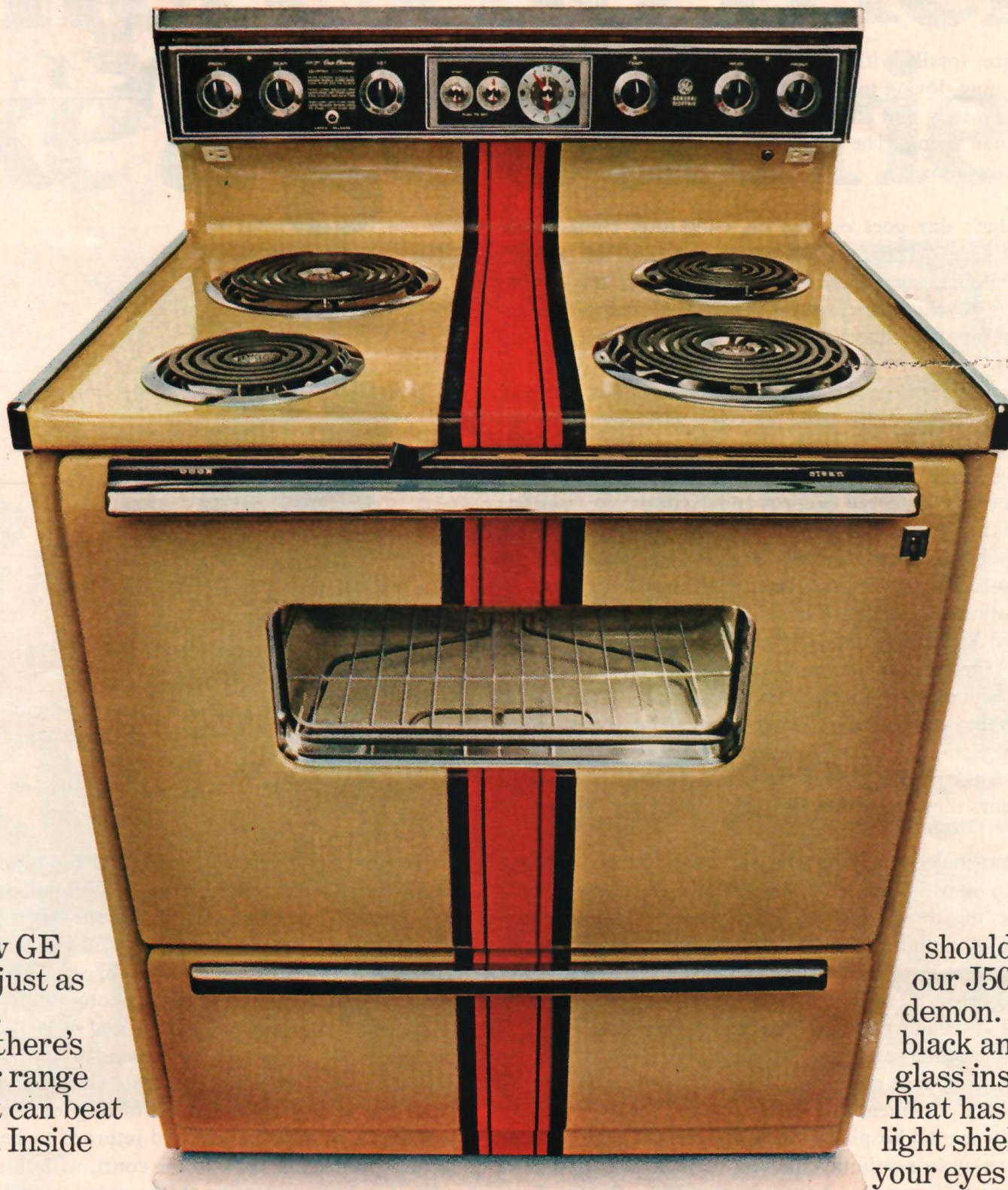
On the bench, Judge Polier does not wear robes ("There is nothing about a black robe that encourages a child to talk to me like a human being"). But 36 years of judicial authority have given her a glance that does more than robes or a gavel to command respect. Confronted by a teen-age mugger in a deserted courthouse stairwell, she gave him her stern, reproving look, and he backed off. "I was just going to give you some money," he said. "Do you need some money? I thought maybe you needed some money for lunch." Then he ran.

A woman of enormous energy, she works 12-hour days, often skips lunch, sprints for taxis, goes coatless in near-freezing weather, and emerges from court after a 40-case day fresher and more lively than youthful court officers. Asked how she could possibly have endured 36 years of witnessing day by day the tragedies of children, she answers, "I tell myself each time that I am trying to do the best that can be done for this one child in front of me now. And then, starting after court, I try to do what I can for the others like him." She works what she calls a "second day," beginning after court and extending often far into the night. She has created, chaired or served on scores of boards, committees and foundations working to broaden services to troubled children and their families. She is married to an attorney and has two sons (both attorneys) and a daughter.

"I have been very lucky," she says. "I have had love from my parents, love from my husband, love from my children. When you've always had love, it's easy to love. There's a tremendous amount of sanctimoniousness in us when we expect terribly troubled people to survive problems in their lives that we probably couldn't survive in our own. We expect a young woman who has never had an instant of security in her life, who never knew her parents, who was brought up in neglect

CONTINUED

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

In a daze, Sandra walks into oncoming traffic

CONTINUED

and violence, totally without love—we expect this woman to be a sustaining, loving mother in a drug-ridden, crime-ridden ghetto, and wisely and successfully to raise her child to be a whole human being. The people in power are so alienated from the powerless.”

The judge's day goes on and on, child after child, folder after folder. “The child comes in as a piece of paper,” Judge Polier says, “and you look through the probation reports, psychiatric reports, psychological reports, the petition, searching for this child, to find some glimmer of who this child is.”

Often it makes very little difference who the child is. After all the studies have been made—and few could wish them more voluminous or thorough—it develops that the treatment recommended is unavailable. In folder after folder, Judge Polier encounters severely disturbed children and the desperate demands of doctors that intensive treatment begin immediately. Rarely if ever is such treatment provided. Not infrequently the frantic prediction of a psychiatrist that the alternative to immediate, intensive treatment is murder or suicide ends up bloodily fulfilled.

Like most American cities, New York pays hugely, up to \$24,000 a year, for the care of a child in a private institution. But these homes and hospitals insist on admitting only those children whom they can best serve. Judge Polier claims that these restrictive admission policies are maintained to protect the institutions' track record. “They want the children it's easy to help, the ones they know they can help. And what happens to the others?”

The others include children who are disruptive and difficult to treat—those with histories of assault, suicide attempts, drug use, absconding, those with low IQs, and those who simply happen not to fall within the institution's racial or religious preferences. In New York City, it happens that a black Protestant with an IQ below 70 or a history of assault, suicide attempts, drug use or absconding is not merely denied treatment. He is denied admission even to a state training school (which demands IQs over 69) and ends up in a children's detention center, endlessly awaiting placement in a state “school” for the retarded.

Even state mental hospitals—their budgets cut, staff reduced—often turn away psychotic children, certified schizophrenics with histories of attempted homicide or suicide. Sandra Rogers is a 15-year-old black girl with a schizophrenic mother. Investigators sent to her home reported “no beds . . . mattresses on floor . . . broken refrigerator . . . no hot water . . . garbage strewn about.” The mother, who had five illegitimate children by three different men, was chronically alcoholic. She attacked Sandra with a knife, saying she hated the girl because she reminded her of Sandra's father. Sandra ran away from home, and was later hospitalized for an overdose of drugs. She told a psychiatrist she had hallucinations, seeing spiritual figures surrounded by clouds, and often heard voices calling her name. “Sometimes they are mean to me,” she said. “Sometimes they tell me to do things I don't want to do.” She said that sometimes she walks along the street in a daze and heads into the oncoming traffic. “She knows she is doing this but can't stop herself,” the doctor reported.

A psychiatrist who examined her after the drug overdose diagnosed her as schizophrenic. “My recommendation,” he wrote, “is urgently for prolonged hospitalization because Sandra is truly in danger of killing herself if she is not contained. It is patently absurd to leave this child in an open setting where she is



Child criminals, many of them psychotic, are sometimes locked up but rarely treated.

free to destroy herself.”

She was sent to Bellevue Hospital for a one-month study. The diagnosis was “schizophrenia, childhood type, chronic.” A psychiatrist reported that “since she has a tendency to follow what the voices tell her to do—such as taking an overdose of pills, or walking in front of a car—she could be a danger to herself or others.” Another Bellevue doctor wrote, “It was strongly felt that this young girl was in need of long-term psychiatric hospitalization in a state institution.”

So she was dispatched to a state children's psychiatric hospital. But after an examination of only one hour, she was rejected as a possible patient and returned to Bellevue. Bellevue in turn packed her back to the court, with this apology: “Because Sandra's evaluation at [the state hospital] revealed no severe pathology, the patient was returned to Bellevue. We have exhausted every other possible avenue of approach in seeking placement for Sandra, to no avail, and have no other recourse than to return her to court for final disposition. Our facilities do not permit our keeping her here any longer.”

The night before Sandra will appear in court, Judge Polier is at an Italian restaurant having dinner with her husband. “The way these children are knocked around like pawns, like inanimate objects, is absolutely indecent,” she says. “That child is coming into court tomorrow and she's going to stand there and I have the choice of returning her to the community where she'll kill herself, or remanding her to Juvenile Center. The state hospital looked at her for *one hour*, ignored a one-month Bellevue study, and just turned her away.”

Her husband tries to calm her. “You didn't turn her away, they did,” he says.

“But she comes back to court. The child is on *my* doorstep. What do I do with this psychotic, suicidal child?”

“You can't take all the problems on your shoulders.”

“But I'm the one who has to remand her.”

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**'The next time
I'm here
I'll be in a coffin'**

CONTINUED

“That’s not your problem. You aren’t doing it, they are. Don’t take all these problems on yourself. What are you trying to do, save the universe?”

"Yes."

The next day Judge Polier faces Sandra Rogers in court—and orders her returned temporarily to Bellevue while attempts are made to force her admission to a state hospital. Then she takes a recess in a small office with desk, chair and telephone. Joan Strumer, a probation officer, comes in. “Your Honor, can you sign a warrant? Helen says she’s going to be killed, and—” Helen is another probation officer. This morning Richard Holland, a 15-year-old escapee from a Bellevue psychiatric ward, called her and said he had a gun and was going to kill her.

When Richard was 11, he was caught mugging another boy in a Harlem subway station. A psychiatrist found no evidence of neurosis or psychosis, but nevertheless suggested therapy. None was given. Now, after many more robberies, many violent escapes—and no treatment—the diagnosis is paranoid schizophrenia. Richard is regarded as homicidal and extremely dangerous.

“Helen’s scared to death,” Joan Strumer says. “I called the youth squad and they said they’d stake out his house if they can get warrants.”

"Talk to the intake judge," Polier says.

Judge Polier goes back to court and hears more cases. A 10-year-old boy heroin addict is ordered into a treatment program. He is furious. "Why do I have to go in a program? I can stop by myself when I want to."

A father demands that his divorced wife comply with the court's order to allow him to visit their son. The wife refuses angrily. Judge Polier explains that she must comply with the order. The woman screams hysterically and runs out of the courtroom. A court officer and Mrs. Strumer bring her back. "You cannot do this," the judge tells the mother. "You and your former husband must not use this child as a tool to hurt each other. He will have enough problems as he grows up. You must not burden him with your problems."

A 16-year-old girl heroin addict, who has given birth to an addicted child, refuses to attend a drug program. Her mother, who has given up on her and says so, is beside her. "I know you're going to send me to Juvenile Center anyway," the girl shouts at the judge, "so it don't make no difference what I say. My mother don't want me and I don't want her." The judge mentions a drug program. "I don't want no program. I ain't got no habit." The judge sends her to Juvenile Center while reports are prepared. "I'll kill myself," she screams. "And I ain't gonna talk to no psychiatrist neither. Next time I'm here I'll be in a coffin."

Two teen-age boys have broken into a blind woman's house, beaten her, robbed her and taken even her Braille wristwatch. The judge sets a trial date.

It is lunchtime.

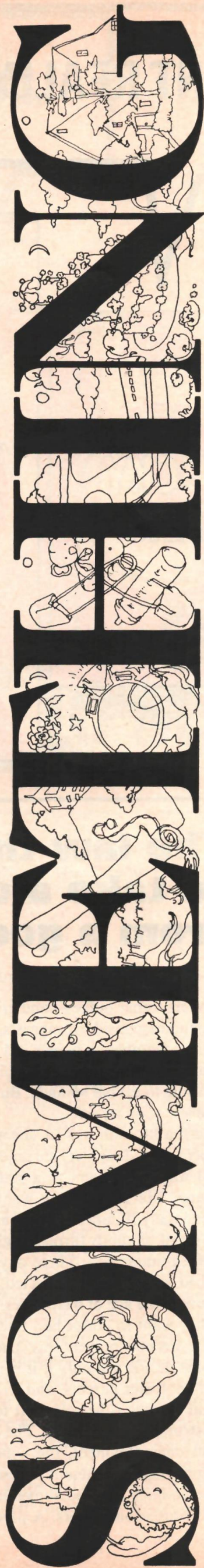
Every day Judge Polier sees neglected infants, homicidal teen-agers, and all the stages of maturing violence between. Often she must attend helplessly at the early opening of wounds in which, she knows, hatred, madness and murder may take seed and fester. Not in the chaos of the squalid courtroom, but in the silent, subdued solemnity of her private chambers she talks to the parents, and takes the children in her arms. She meets the social workers, probation officers, police,

CONTINUED

Every day is somebody's

If someone you know is celebrating something... dial a Long Distance call.

It's the next best thing to being there.



IF YOU WANT REALLY LOW 'TAR' AND REALLY FULL FLAVOR,



The law threatens to take a child from a good home

CONTINUED

doctors, lawyers, other judges—and grieves at the brutality of a system that studies, considers, suggests, reports, but rarely heals. She has in her chambers a 6-year-old girl, raised in love, who has never done anything more disturbing or criminal than temporarily refusing to eat her spinach. But now destruction threatens, and the law is on its side.

When Martha Jackson was 13, she was raped by her brother. She gave birth to a daughter, surrendered her to a placement agency, and was herself sent to a state training school. Now, five years later, Martha Jackson wants the girl back. Martha Jackson is mentally ill, unemployed, an alcoholic, and lives on welfare in a small, shabbily furnished ghetto apartment with a 6-month-old illegitimate son. Three days after birth, her daughter was placed with carefully selected, middle-class foster parents, and now at the age of 6 still lives with them and two older children. They want to adopt her. She wants to be adopted by them. But the law may prevent this. The case is before Judge Polier, who must decide not only if it is in the girl's best interests to stay with her foster parents, and to be adopted by them, but if the natural mother is herself unfit to care for the child. The law is very strong in this respect. The mother's alcoholism, instability and unemployment, the condition of her home and neighborhood—none of these is necessarily proof of unfitness. Nor are the findings and recommendations of doctors, social workers and probation officers. A psychiatrist said the mother

"appeared incapable of providing adequate child care because of her own confusion, poor judgment, and lack of energy, motivation and resources." A probation officer said the foster parents "appear to be well-adjusted, stable, religious persons with noble ideals. Their sincere efforts appear to reflect in the well-adjusted appearance of the children. Their hopes are to raise the children to be useful citizens. These plans include a college education." The report concluded, "Returning the child to her natural mother may indeed disturb, shock and profoundly disrupt her positive orientation to life."

Judge Polier is concerned that a ruling to permit adoption of the girl over the protests of her natural mother will be reversed in an appellate court. It has happened before. She has met the natural mother, and now wants to make a personal assessment of the girl and her foster parents. She asks the adoption agency to have them visit her at 9:30 in the morning.

They arrive early. She leaves the girl in a waiting room and takes the parents inside. She sits behind a large desk, and they settle nervously into chairs across from her. They are dressed as if for church. "I think you've done a wonderful job giving this girl a start," the judge says warmly. "I can realize from your faces how deeply you feel about the child. But in a guardianship proceeding like this the law is very strict. The question is whether or not the mother is unfit to raise her. I hope someday we have a better law, but this is the one we have now. I know it means so much to you, because you are her parents in truth."

Both parents nod.

"How long have you had Susan?" the judge asks, knowing the answer but trying to draw the parents out.

"Since she was five days old," the mother says, sitting up so straight her back does not touch the chair.

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"What have you told her about her mother?"

"We've told her that when she was born her mother had some problems and she couldn't keep her, but that we are her foster parents and we want to adopt her if we can."

"What does she call you?"

"Mommy."

"And Daddy," the father says.

The judge talks with them a few more minutes and then asks them to wait outside while she sees the girl. She comes in shyly, wearing a dark skirt and white blouse. She stands in front of the judge's desk, quiet but not frightened. The judge smiles at her. "I've just been talking to your parents. They're lovely people."

She smiles.

"I know you think so, too."

"Yes, Ma'am."

She asks her about her school, how she likes her teachers, what she does after school, then she lowers her voice a tone, becomes just slightly more serious and says, "Susan, I'd like to ask you something that's hard, but I'd like you to be very honest with me. I know you haven't seen much of your mother. When you do see her, do you have a good time?"

"Yes." She is hesitant.

"What do you do?"

"Go to the movies. And to the park."

"Would you like to go live with her?"

"I don't think I'd like to stay with her."

"Come here, dear," the judge says, and the girl walks around the desk to the judge's chair, moving up closely against her shoulder.

"When you talk to your mother, what do you talk about?"

"I say I want to stay with my other mother."

"What does she say?"

"Nothing."

"When you're with her, do you get any fun or happiness from her?"

"Not much."

"You like your parents?"

"Yes."

"If you stayed with your parents, would you like to keep seeing your mother?"

"No."

"You'd like to make it so they're your home?" She nods in the direction of the waiting room.

"Yes." She raises her hand and rests it on the arm of the judge's chair. The judge touches the lapel of the girl's blouse and says, "I don't want you to worry about this, because we're going to work it out." The girl smiles and the judge takes her face in her hands. "I'm delighted that you're doing so well and that you have parents who love you so much."

The girl nods. The judge walks out with her and sees them all to the elevator. Back in her chambers, her large eyes fire a look of anger and distress. "It's scary, isn't it?" she says. "That child may have to go back to her natural mother. Our courts still deal with these problems as though the rights of the mother are more important than what's best for the child. They seem too often to assume that every woman who bears a child is capable of giving that child love. Unfortunately, that's just not true. I must remove this little girl from this pre-adoptive home, the only home she has ever known, unless I find that the mother is unfit. Here are these people bringing out everything in this child, and I'm asked to put her back with a mother who is disturbed, alcoholic, who has been in and out of institutions, who—" She stops and draws on a cigarette. "And none of these things, by itself, necessarily makes her unfit. The courts have so held."

CONTINUED

'He'll just have to go back where we got him'

CONTINUED

"What does?" she is asked.

"That's a good question. Every case is different."

Judge Polier eventually ruled in favor of the foster parents. The natural mother is appealing.

"Do you want him placed in an institution and put out of your home?" Judge Polier is in court questioning a middle-aged man, dressed in leather jacket, cap, and a pencil behind his ear.

"I'll just have to let him go back where I got him," says the man, stern and unshakable. He is talking about his 6-year-old grandson. The boy's mother is an alcoholic. Several months ago her neighbors heard screams, went in the apartment and found her hitting the boy's head on the floor and trying to choke him. He was naked except for a cotton shirt, and was spitting up blood. The mother then took him out to the street and told him to leave and not come back.

The boy was taken from the mother, who has since disappeared, and placed with an agency who located his grandfather and step-grandmother, described in a probation report as "warm, open people, with a genuine interest in the boy." They agreed to care for the boy "until grown, if need be."

It was not long, however, before the grandparents called the court to complain that he was hard to control and had broken one of their children's bicycles. They wanted him to behave, and they wanted to be paid for keeping him.

Now, while the boy sits alone outside on a bench in the waiting hall, Judge Polier asks the grandfather what he thinks about keeping the boy.

He is annoyed. He says he works nights, seven nights a week, and should be home sleeping. "My wife is the one who takes care of the children. When I get home I go to bed and the door is closed. When I get up it's 11 o'clock and I'm gone. This boy, if he comes in and bothers me, out he go. All my responsibility—I just make sure my wife gets money for the family."

The judge says she wants to talk to the child alone. She goes out to the small office by the waiting hall and someone brings the boy in. She smiles at him and says hello and asks him to come around behind the desk and stand next to her. She puts an arm gently around his shoulder. A probation report described him as "reserved and serious as if too mature for his age, but it is not difficult to make him smile; a pleasant personality." He moves in against the judge's arm and smiles shyly. "I want to ask you something," she says. "And I want you just to tell me what you think." She asks if he is happy with his grandparents. He smiles and nods. "Are they nice to you?" He nods. "Is there anyone else you would like to see?" He shakes his head. "Just them?" He nods.

She returns to court. She explains to the grandfather that because he is related to the boy he cannot receive regular foster care payments. He can, however, receive a lesser amount from welfare. Will that be enough?

"No, \$15 or \$20 is not enough."

"Well," says the judge, "since he loves you and wants to be with you and has no one else, are you willing to keep him?"

"No." The man is solid-faced and adamant. "He'll just have to go, go back where we got him."

"It's going to be very hard on him. You know that?"

He shrugs. "It'll just have to be that way."

Judge Polier has lunch with a friend who has spent the morning in her court. "At least he was honest," she says of the grandfather. "He certainly had no pretensions of fatherhood." She thinks a moment. "When I put my arm around the boy, I could

feel him react. He wants to be loved." The boy is black, Protestant and already 6 years old. "He'll be difficult for adoption," she says.

The friend asks her if she has seen an improvement over the years in the way troubled children are treated.

"It's getting worse," she says. "The delinquents and pre-delinquents today appear more disturbed than they used to be. I think it's because of the breakdown in the old basic controls, the conventional respect for one's parents, teacher, minister. There's so little help from any caring adult for these children. They don't get it in the schools, in the church or at home. Problems aren't spotted until something happens, until there's an assault or a theft or an overdose. And that's awfully late."

She stops talking and looks down into her plate. Her friend asks if it all makes her angry. She looks up. "I don't think angry is the word for me. It's not my way of functioning. I get very determined, and 'How do I break through this . . .' But I'll tell you when I really do get angry. When I sense in someone, 'Well, it's just part of the system. What are you breaking your neck for?' I get angry when I see a greater concern for the system than for what it's supposed to be doing. The system fails to reach out and serve the people it was created to serve. And it makes you terribly distressed and angry when you see this in terms of a child—a child like that boy today whose grandfather doesn't want him and who will be so difficult for adoption. A child—a human being—reaches out for love. And gets hit. And he reaches out again, and gets hit again. And he keeps reaching out, and every time he's denied. And then finally, defensively, he stops reaching. And in no longer looking for love, he loses the ability to love, and the ability to feel. The capacity to feel for another person is cut off, and he can destroy other people without reaction. And then you get rapes and robberies and murder. Take this little boy—he's tried to reach out and be loved. He's made a desperate effort. And he's been turned off. How long can you expect a child to keep reaching?" ■



In her private chambers, Judge Polier meets unwanted children—tomorrow's criminals.

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was months ago.
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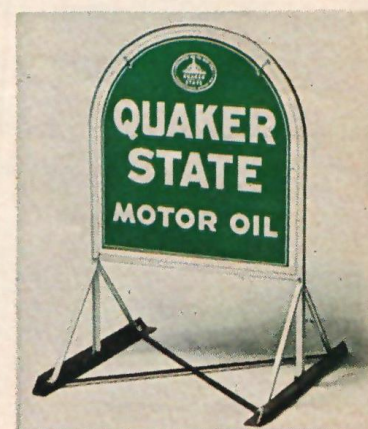
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After lifting weights for a week, Paula Sims has her biceps brachii measured

The 'weaker sex' comes on strong

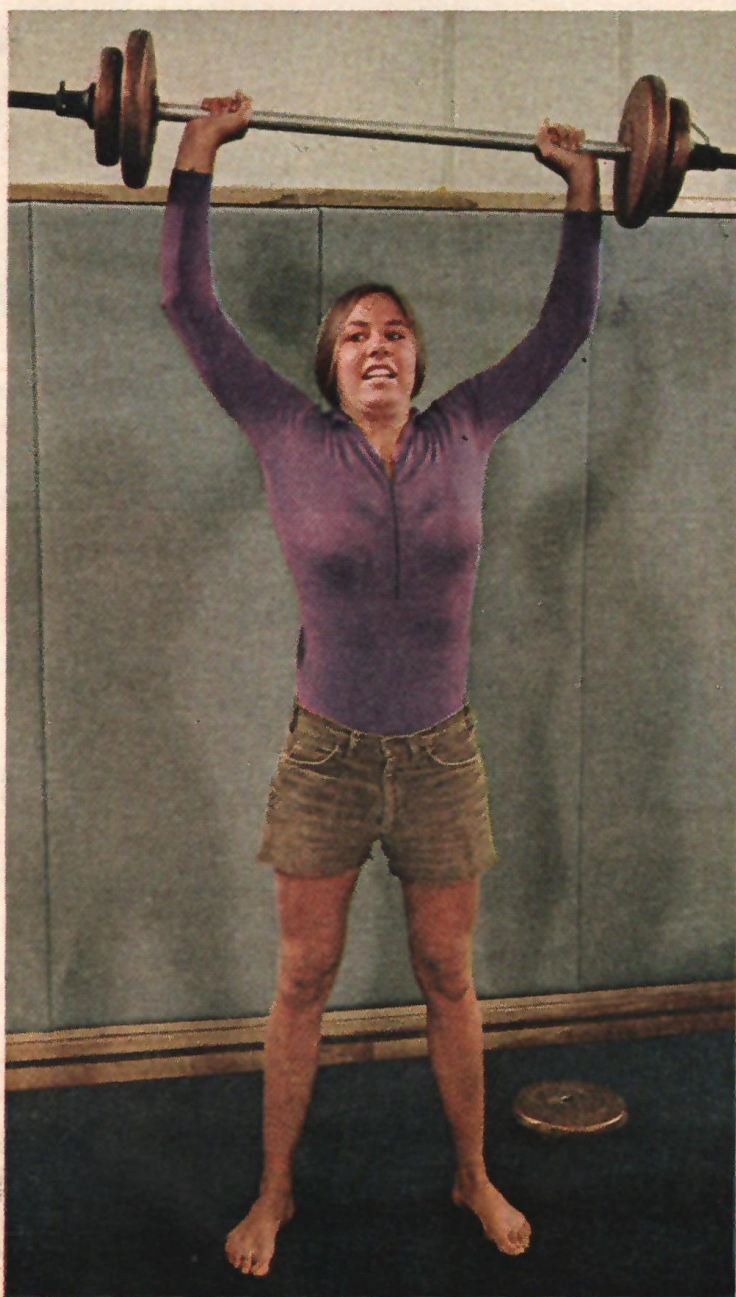
"Women," declares University of California physiologist Jack Wilmore, "have been pampered too long. Most of them would like to be stronger than they are." Wilmore, who teaches physical education at the Davis campus, believes there is no reason why women cannot be, pound for pound, just as strong as men. Nor need they fear any unsightly bulges. All they need to do is work out regularly with barbells, and depend on their naturally low level of the hormone testosterone to keep them from looking like Mr. America.

It wasn't all that easy getting girls to sign up for Weight Lifting I, so that Wilmore could test his theories. In fact, only four showed up for his first class last fall. But when he changed the name of the course to "Weight Training for Figure Control" and began spreading the word about how nicely his students were shaping up, candidates began flocking in. This term he has 200 co-eds grunting and groaning in the Davis gym. Some of them have found that they doubled their strength in a single school quarter. Meanwhile Wilmore is keeping a close watch with his tape measures and calipers on the general distribution of adipose tissue and muscle.

'All together now...'



Students choose Wilmore's weight-lifting class for a variety of reasons. Some of the recruits obviously want to shed fat. A few say that their boyfriends urged them to try it. Others, like Natalie Nickerson (right), think "it's neat to do something that girls aren't supposed to do." In most cases, as the girls here show, the first workouts are a bit of a struggle. Wilmore hopes that the results of his research will start a weight-lifting boom among women, especially athletes who have been put off by the musclebound image of the sport. He believes that the normal female's low level of the hormone testosterone ensures that she can strengthen her muscles without causing bulges. Of the first class of girls, most finished with narrower hip and waist measurements, and slightly larger chests.



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A battery of tests to tell what's fat and what's muscle

At left, Wilmore steadies sophomore Julia Wright as she strains against a dynamometer measuring how strong her leg muscles are. Senior Paula Sims comes up for air (below) during a special tub immersion test that will determine how her fat and lean are distributed. Wilmore checks out his weight lifters using some 50 different tests.





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For sea dog and city dweller alike, the urge has never been stronger to set sail on open water—equipped, of course, with as many dry-land conveniences as budget and ingenuity will allow. After spending tantalizing hours at winter boat shows—and an estimated \$3.8 billion for new gear—nine million U.S. boat owners are preparing impatiently for the new season. Among new seafarers the trend is away from the big, sleek yacht to smaller, less expensive boats. Many of the new craft are multipurpose. Among them: a hydroplane-sailboat that frisks along at 30 knots, an air cushion vehicle for use on shore as well as at sea, a snowmobile that converts into a speedboat and a house trailer that becomes an ark. The water-walker at left can also use his pontoons for water-skiing or, with practice, for playing football at sea.

**A wave of nautical inventions
with dry-land convenience**

Down to the sea in shoes

Wearing Aquaskims, small pontoons with fins along the bottom for traction, a well-stocked mariner sets out across the water for his mooring. Made in Canada, the new water shoes cost \$19.95.

Photographed by RALPH MORSE

...and floating trailers

The house trailer on the ramp at left can be converted into an attractive houseboat (below) in little more time than it takes to say Dixon Livingstone, the name of the man who designed it. Inside are plush shag carpeting, built-in appliances including a shower, and enough bunks to sleep six. The boat's transom is designed to pack two 50-horsepower engines (enough to tow a pair of water skiers) that can be steered from either the foredeck or the galley. Named TrailorFloat, it sells for \$6,000.





and camping sailers...

With the advent of easily trailered sailboats with retractable keels, a nautical family can camp overnight in their boat (above) on their way to distant shores. They can even bathe the kids (right) by flooding the cockpit. Moored in a driveway during the week, a small boat like the Venture 222 shown here can be converted on weekends into a blue-water cruiser by a single person and launched in 15 minutes. Moderately priced (\$3,000 with sails and trailer), the Venture 222 saves its owner launching and slip fees, not to mention the chore of scraping barnacles.





and a jet of sorts

Hoist an umbrella over an inner tube, add a wood bottom and a water-gushing jet motor, and any novice can put to sea as stylishly

as the whimsical three-men-in-a-tub. The Jet Pack, made by Aeroceanic Corp., costs \$229 and can be fitted to virtually anything afloat.



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Models illustrated: left to right 967502, 966601, (top center) 965602, (bottom center) 975702, 967601, 965702.

**CLOSE-UP
OF THE CHAIRMAN OF ITT**

Harold Geneen has no time to be nice

ITT president and chairman Harold Geneen testifies before the Senate Judiciary Committee on his company's recent activities.



by **STANLEY BROWN**

Harold Sydney Geneen was having a fine time last Wednesday afternoon. Looking tanned and fit, he waved and smiled from behind the lectern in the ballroom of the Sheraton-Peabody Hotel in Memphis, and then rose and called to order the annual shareholders' meeting of his International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. The expected turnout of demonstrators failed to materialize, and for the next three hours it seemed as though even the disruptions from critics of the corporation's military business, and the relatively innocuous questions about its recent Washington troubles, had been written into the program to add a little spice to the otherwise routine proceedings. It was almost as though the Dita Beard controversy—the suspicion that ITT had made financial contributions to the Republican party in return for a favorable antitrust settlement—hadn't happened at all.

Geneen read with enthusiasm a 30-page statement, answering most of the charges against the company, referred to its decision to sell publicly its holdings of all subsidiaries covered by the antitrust settlement, and fielded with ease all questions from the floor. When one critic reeled off a string of executive privileges, including saunas and massages, Geneen said, "You make me feel I've been missing out on something."

One night after another, earlier meeting, a group of ITT executives managed to get Geneen into a San Francisco topless joint. Undaunted by the environment, he pursued his favorite subject—his corporation—relentlessly until a moment when he turned his head and confronted the hyperbolic facade of a waitress. Turning back to his companions, the chief executive officer of ITT reportedly said, "You know, if I had the time, I could be a helluva playboy." Then he picked up the thread of the conversation.

They tell this story at ITT as a classic instance of Geneen's devotion to business. The boss doesn't have any fun, they would have you believe. He is an indifferent and infrequent golfer. As a young accountant, a former colleague recalls, Geneen used to spend a lot of his free time surf casting on Long Island's Jones Beach. And in recent years, he has owned a series of sports fishing yachts named *Genie*, which he has used to fish the waters off Cape Cod, where he has a summer house. But his addiction to fishing, it has been suggested, may be as much a preference for solitude as for sport. He calls the small outbuilding at Cape Cod, which he has fitted out as a study, his "sulking house."

Geneen cares little for the sort of living symbolized by the fine wines that once lined ITT's own corporate cellar in the days of its elegant founder, Sosthenes Behn. He has been known to nurse a weak scotch-and-water for more than an hour. He can work his way through a dinner without even noticing what he is eating. And every account of his work habits mentions his late-night hours and his ability to outlast his associates.

But until the Dita Beard memo gave ITT a set of problems beyond his control, Harold Geneen was having a lot of fun playing a game of his own making, a game of time and numbers. The score can be read in ITT's overall growth: In 1959, the year he took over ITT, the corporation's sales totaled \$765 million; last year they passed \$7.3 billion. Almost more important at ITT is the quarterly record: For 51 consecutive quarters, ITT's sales, income and per-share earnings have been higher than in the comparable period the year before.

This growth has created a mystique among investors, a religion, as one securities salesman put it, based on the tenet that increases are inevitable. It has also become a worrisome matter for some insiders and for an increasing number of people in the financial community. They have begun wondering whether Geneen may be overreaching and relying too heavily on accounting devices to maintain his streak.

Even with strict adherence to what auditors call "generally accepted accounting principles," it is possible to make numbers

grow faster than underlying realities. And Geneen is an accountant by training. He spent the first two decades of his career as an auditor and a controller, and he understands accounting principles as well as the propensity of investors to act on faith.

But however debatable accounting principles and Geneen's adroit use of them may be, the man is a masterful manager of an enormous complex of men and companies, and his solid accomplishment at ITT over the past dozen years is unparalleled in the recent history of American business. He is well rewarded for his efforts. Last year ITT paid him \$812,494 in salary and bonus, making him one of the two or three highest paid U.S. corporate executives. In addition his holdings of ITT stock and options are worth about \$9 million.

But Geneen is a driven man for whom time seems to hold even more value than money. Former executives, and not only those he has fired—of whom there are plenty—tend to explain the man as insensitive to people and human values. "I think he'd like to devote a certain number of minutes per day to being nice," one said, "but usually more pressing problems intervene." He is not overly concerned with formal niceties. He would think nothing of commanding an executive vice-president to bring somebody a drink. He once browbeat a semi-retired elderly executive in outrageous terms in front of visitors when the man brought him the wrong file.

A former executive who had spent years with Geneen said, "He demands no more from anyone else than he demands of himself, which is limitless." The meter is always running for Geneen, and his impatience is monumental. "If I had enough arms and legs and time, I'd do it all myself," he once said. He later denied that quote and tried to have it removed from an article about him.

ITT, despite its tiers of executives and its nearly 400,000 employees around the world, is nevertheless a corporation characterized in many ways by that one man. And to the extent that any enterprise that has accumulated more than a hundred others and operates in half the countries of the world can be run by one man, ITT is. Ask the chief executive of almost any conglomerate how he runs his business, and chances are he will reply "by exception." What that means is that every division and subsidiary manager submits a forecast and a report of results every month or so. Then the chief executive and his staff check what was supposed to happen against what did happen. If things went as planned, everything is dandy. But the exceptions are what have to be dealt with by top management.

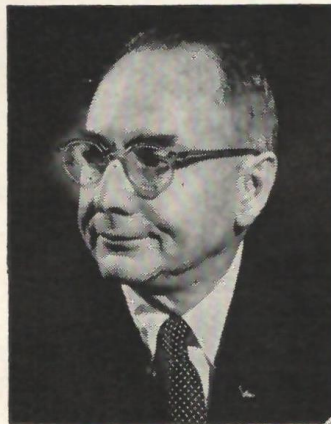
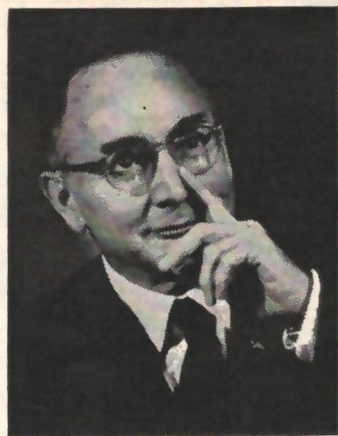
Harold Geneen has added a new dimension to this system. He gets the forecasts and the results, but he goes beyond them into the underlying details of ITT's operations. What he has devised is a system of management by random sample, though he would not call it that.

The basic instrument of management at ITT is what is known as the General Managers' Meeting. This is a monthly auto-da-fé held in a special meeting room at ITT headquarters and attended by the 40 or so top ITT managers from around the world (another one is held in Europe for the next echelon there). In the course of two days or more—and nights—Geneen hears his operating managers report on their activities, and interrupts them constantly with harsh cross-examinations.

Much of Geneen's working time between meetings is devoted to preparing for them. And though he cannot possibly accomplish his objective, his preparation consists of trying to know everything that is going on in ITT worldwide. An integral part of Geneen's office or wherever else he is working—hotel rooms, apartments or planes—is a collection of about ten oversized

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The author, a former associate editor of Fortune magazine, writes frequently on business subjects. His book, Ling: the Rise, Fall, and Return of a Texas Titan, will appear late this summer.



He drives his men to their limits—and many quit

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leather attaché cases stuffed with papers of every conceivable description about his companies, their countries and their competitors. These cases have various priority designations. Some include what must be read, others what he hopes he has time for —“interesting but not important things.” These lower-ranking cases usually get emptied after a couple of months if he can’t get to them. But in the course of a typical month, Geneen manages to read deep into the operations of his subordinates.

Geneen concedes that “there are a lot of things I don’t need to know, but I don’t know what they are till afterward.” The effect, however, is to give him an enormous tactical advantage in his monthly encounters with his managers. Geneen may not know more about their businesses than they do, but it often seems that way. In one such meeting, a man was attempting to answer Geneen’s question about why a certain product was being turned out in an overloaded plant in Spain. But before he could finish, the chairman had cited the substantially lower wage rates in Taiwan and South Korea as reasons for moving the operation. Against that degree of information the executive could only shrug and say that he’d look into it.

Geneen comes into these meetings with a list of questions, gleaned from his own reading and from the reports his managers submit in advance. The list may include anywhere from ten to a score or more for each one, on a yellow pad, two or three words each in his cramped handwriting. “Generally my problem is to get these guys to raise enough questions. They say they’ve got it under control. That bothers me.” Despite his relentless pressure on his executives, he insists that there is “nothing personal” in the harshness of his attacks. He recognizes that his remoteness from operating problems gives him an advantage in offering solutions. “They give you all these reasons,” he once said, but then he adds, a little surprised, “and some of them are right.”

It is not surprising that the turnover of executives at ITT has been high. Otherwise able men choose not to endure Geneen’s pressure once they see that it will not stop no matter how well they perform. Those who stay have simply learned to live by Geneen’s standards even if they can never quite live up to them. “We want good solid guys,” he has said in commenting on the corporation’s recruitment and psychological testing programs, “and the magic word is ‘interest.’ If he’s interested, you can’t get him away from his work. After you’ve had a guy for a year, you know what he’s like.”

Geneen does not look or sound it, but he is 62, and that puts him three years away from ITT’s mandatory retirement. That inevitably raises the question of succession, but it is one that Geneen has made into a part of his game. Back in 1964, he elevated one of his subordinates to the rank of executive vice-president, the only one at the time. That led to speculation that a successor had been named. A year or so later, Geneen clouded the issue by naming three more men to that rank. One of them says that Geneen had spoken to him about taking over some day. But that man left the company several years ago.

The others are still there, but only one of those three is a member of the three-man Office of the President. When he set up that group in 1968 to allay concern among board members about the line of succession, Geneen promoted two other men to executive VP and installed them in the office.

An ITT man recently pointed out that Geneen has lately allowed members of the Office of the President to sit in for him in running the monthly meetings. He even suggested that Geneen has planned trips at those times so he won’t be tempted to change his mind and take over. But the smart money is betting that when the time comes for Geneen to retire, he will prevail on the board to let him stay for as long as he wants.

It is difficult to imagine Geneen in retirement, even with his interest in fishing. He probably doesn’t have enough walls for the number of trophies he would have to take. He lives in a fashionable apartment on Manhattan’s Upper East Side with his second wife and no children, but he has built his real home at ITT, after a rather rootless life. He was born in England and brought to the U.S. as an infant. His parents separated, and he was sent to a boarding school in Suffield, Conn. In a curious memoir he prepared a few years ago about his school life, he wrote, “I spent the entire time either boarding at the school or again at camps, except for the occasional holiday vacations when I got home. Even a number of the lesser ones of these, i.e., Thanksgiving or Easter, being short, and for family reasons, I spent at school. . . . I left there in 1926, to go to work.”

His first job—he was 16—was as a page at the New York Stock Exchange. Soon he began studying accounting nights at New York University, getting his degree in 1934. A string of jobs followed, with a big accounting firm, then with other companies before he was finally recruited by a committee from ITT to straighten out the baroque confederation of companies that Behn had put together and then allowed to run pretty much as they pleased.

Despite the setbacks resulting from ITT’s antitrust settlement and the damage to the corporation’s image from the goings-on that stemmed from it, the word at ITT is that Geneen is as determined as ever to keep his growth record intact. The earnings from Hartford Fire Insurance Co. have helped considerably and Geneen can get a lot more earnings out of the insurer by taking capital gains from its investments and by instituting a more aggressive underwriting policy. He is also likely to use what money ITT gets from divesting itself of Avis, Levitt and the other operations covered by the consent decree to invest in other businesses, probably in Europe, where his acquisition policy will be beyond the reach of the Justice Department.

Harold Geneen might have been expected to be an articulate spokesman for the right of business enterprises to get as big as every other aspect of national and international life, a cardinal point in his philosophy. But the messy handling of the many peripheral issues that have come up in Washington may have cut deeply into the public acceptance of Geneen and ITT as examples of what business ought to be. The corporation seems lately to have become instead a kind of handy symbol of what is bad about Big Business.

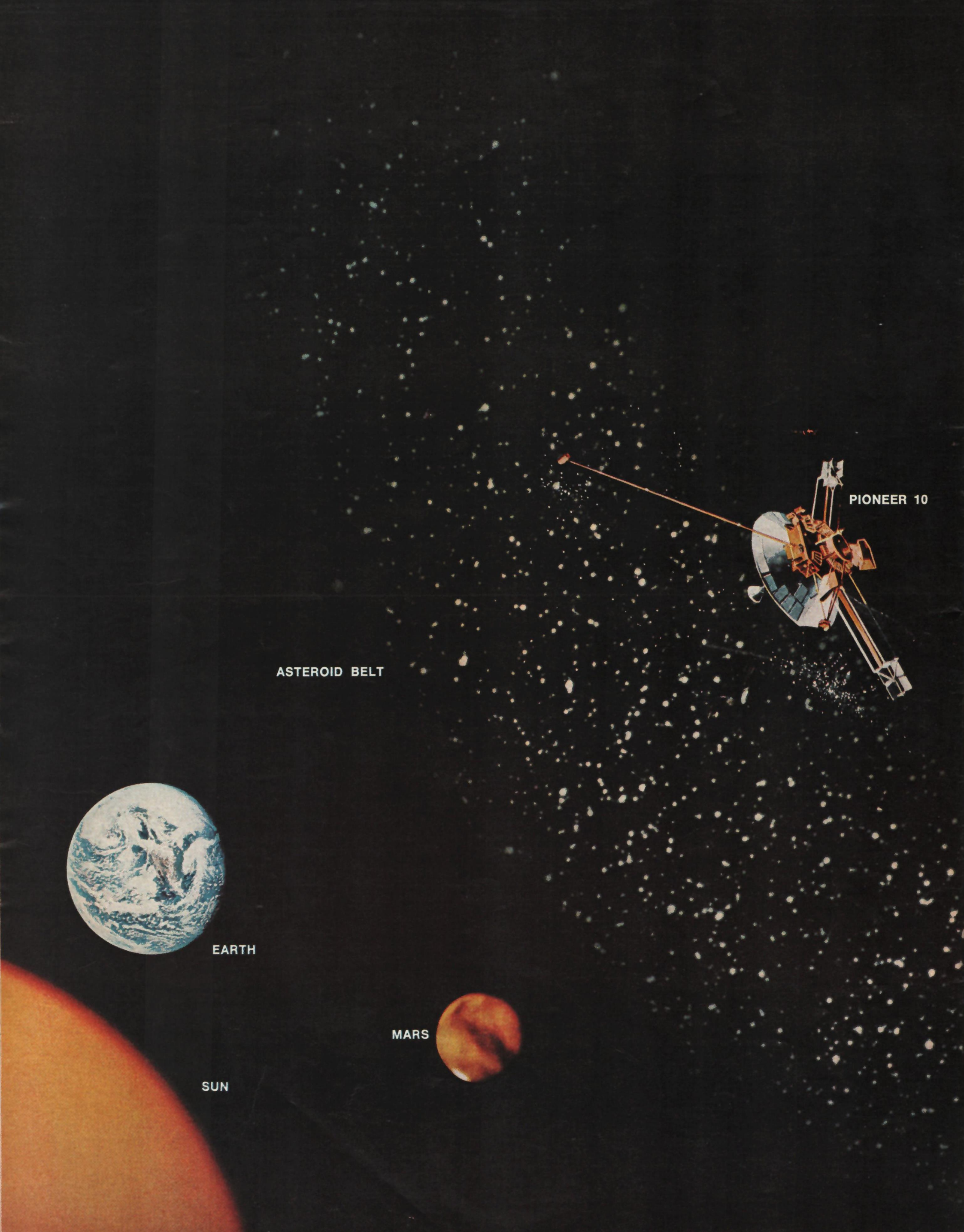
That is probably unfortunate, because despite his almost fanatical devotion to that quarterly streak, Geneen has done an incomparable job at ITT, perhaps surpassed only by what Alfred P. Sloan Jr. once did for General Motors. ■

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PIONEER 10

ASTEROID BELT

EARTH

MARS

SUN



Milestones on the long road to Jupiter

FAR OUT PIONEER

JUPITER

Late next week, a modest, spindly looking spacecraft will pass a major milestone on a journey farther out into space than any man-made object has ever gone. After crossing the orbit of Mars, roughly the previous outer limit, Pioneer 10 will plunge on through the Asteroid Belt, making observations there and all the while hurtling toward its main target: the planet Jupiter.

With its multicolored bands and mysterious Great Red Spot, Jupiter is in many ways the most puzzling of all the planets. It is the largest planet in the solar system, 300 times the mass of Earth. It is circled by 12 moons, two of them larger than ours. It seems to have its own internal energy source, emitting heat and powerful radio waves. Its hydrogen, methane and ammonia clouds may even harbor some form of primitive life. Beginning 19 months from now, Pioneer 10 will collect information on Jupiter's energy output, its intense magnetic field and its radiation belt. Pioneer 10 will also send back, over 500 million miles of space, the first close-up pictures of the planet's swirling clouds.

Once past Jupiter, the spacecraft will look for the boundary of the solar wind (the charged particles that stream from the sun) as it continues to move away from the sun, past the outer planets—Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. Fifteen years from now, in January 1987, it will cross the orbit of the planet Pluto and, sometime thereafter, escape the sun's gravity and leave the solar system forever. The tiny craft, by then too far away to communicate with Earth, will head out into the vastness of our Milky Way galaxy, where it will cruise about between the stars, probably until the end of time.

Photodiagram shows Pioneer 10 spacecraft speeding away from Earth and the sun, past the orbit of Mars, through the 175-million-mile-wide Asteroid Belt and on toward Jupiter.

There are those who remember when almost every electric refrigerator was a Frigidaire.



Not only are the people around. But so are some of those Frigidaire refrigerators from that beautiful, nice long ago. And they're not just there as nostalgic memories of a yesteryear.

They're still keeping the meat fresh. Still keeping the milk and soda pop cold. Still giving with the ice cubes.

Ours is much more than a famous name. It is a name with many famous firsts.

We were first with an all-steel cabinet.

After frozen foods were introduced, we were first to give you the convenience of an all-in-one refrigerator-freezer.

We did away with the bulky, bulgy fat look of

refrigerators by creating the revolutionary Sheer Look.

Because defrosting was a chore women hated (we did, too), we invented Frost-Proof refrigerators to do away with that chore.

We have always tried to give you what you wanted long before you even knew you wanted it.

When you're first with all of these things, the last thing you want to be is second with a new feature. Or, even worse, one that's still in the experimental stage.

Before you buy any refrigerator, check out ours.

Don't make the mistake of being one of those few people who thinks every refrigerator is a Frigidaire.



Every refrigerator is not a Frigidaire.

Chess Champion Bobby Fischer is deep in training

by BRAD DARRACH

Bobby Fischer does not get up until 4 p.m. at Grossinger's, the Catskill resort where he is training for the world chess championship. But once on his feet, he explodes with energy. He often begins with a grueling tennis lesson from an old pro who runs him rubber-legged for at least an hour. Tennis is followed by a battering workout in the hotel gym: flipping weights, skipping rope, pulling sit-ups, squeezing grippers, riding the Exercycle and slamming with furious glee at a 300-pound bag that has thickened the muscles of heavyweight boxing champions who have also trained for battle at Grossinger's. Then Fischer swims a few lengths of the pool underwater to build up his wind, and sinks at last into a

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To prepare himself for the physical demands of the world chess championship matches, Bobby Fischer builds up lung power underwater at his training site.



Toughening up his body for the battle of wits

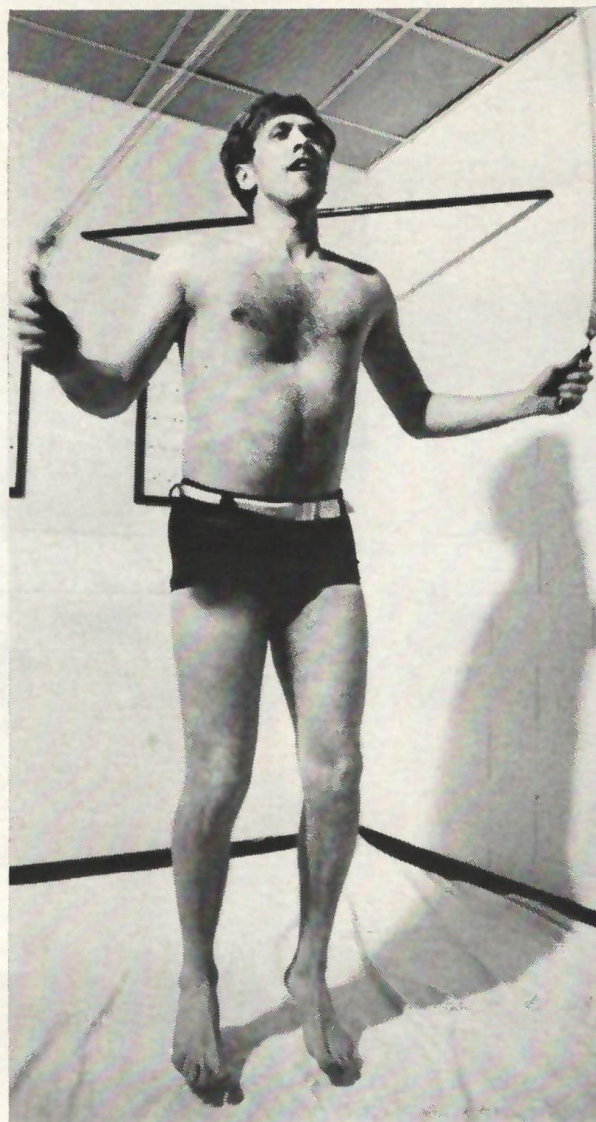
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hot whirlpool bath where he guzzles little cold cans of apple juice.

There is a purpose to all of Fischer's frenzy. Chess as grandmasters play it is anything but the serene and restful game that armchair amateurs enjoy. Behind their impassive faces, drumming tensions build. Ego batters ego, will juts at will, strategies tangle like wrestling octopi. It is not unusual for a grandmaster to faint at a crisis in the play, and at the height of one tournament some years ago a grandmaster died. Even in an ordinary match game, the average chess professional will sweat away four or five pounds, and in a 12-game match, no matter how heartily he eats between meetings, he will lose at least 15 pounds. In a 24-game world championship match, where the pinnacle is at stake and history is watching, play goes on over a period as long as 75 days, and stamina is vital.

Fischer and the grandmaster he will meet in July, Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union, are both well aware of these stubborn facts. Spassky—who is 35, stands 5'10" and weighs about 175 lbs.—runs several miles a day and practices Yoga. Fischer—who is 29, stands 6'2" and weighs about 190 lbs.—seems to require more strenuous conditioning. Broad-backed and heavy-thighed, he has the frame of a hockey forward and the same savage need for violent activity.

He trains his mind even more rigorously than he trains his body. All night long in his room he hunches over a chess board with his radio tuned to a rock station. "He's the only man I know," another chess player says, "who is equally enthusiastic about Spiro Agnew and the Motown Sound." Often as not, sunrise finds him still playing game after game out of European chess magazines and neat little loose-leaf notebooks la-



At the gym, Fischer warms up jumping rope (above), then lays into a heavy punching bag (right). At far right he chins himself, pedals an exercise bike and takes savage aim with a medicine ball.



beled Spassky White and Spassky Black. "I really love the dark of the night," he says. "It helps me to concentrate."

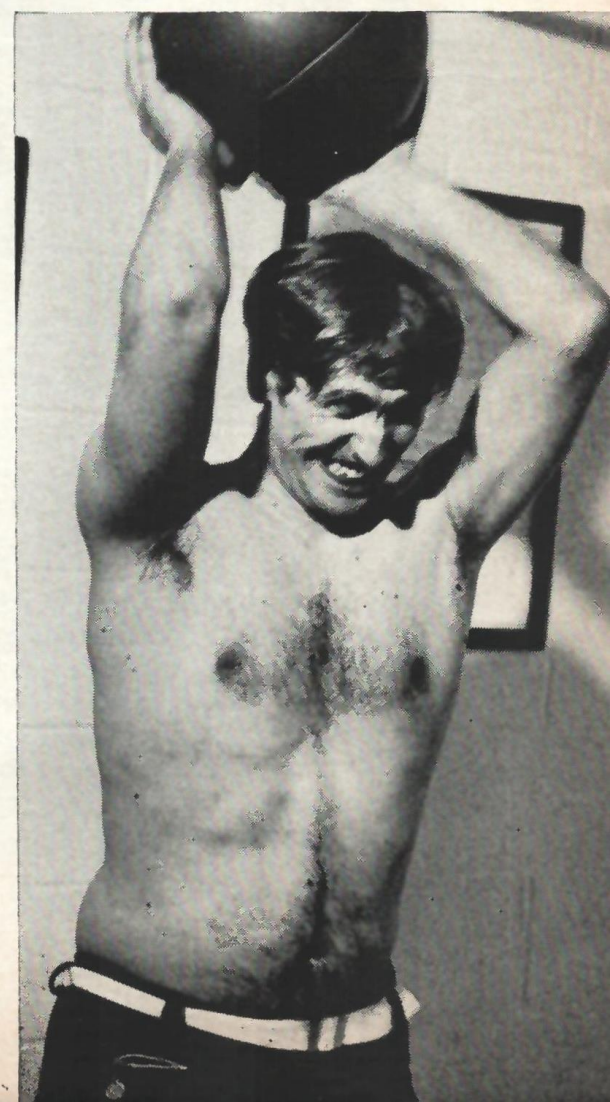
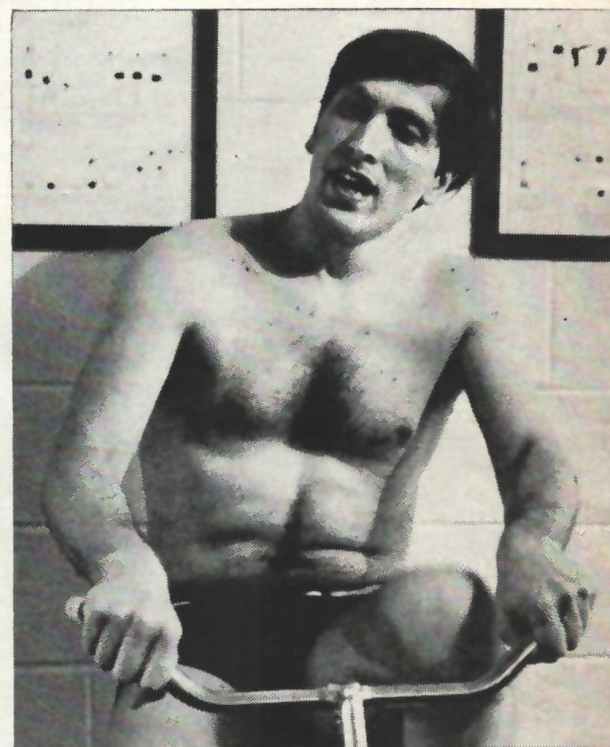
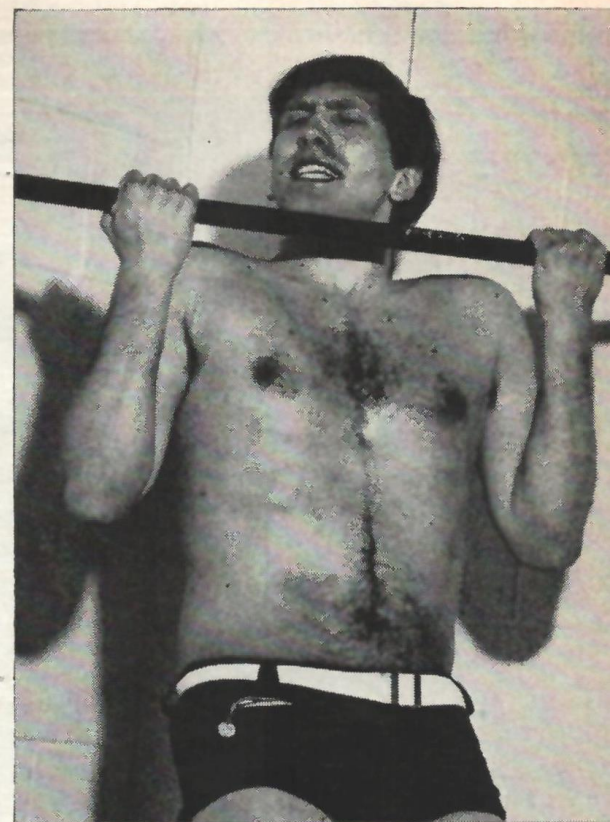
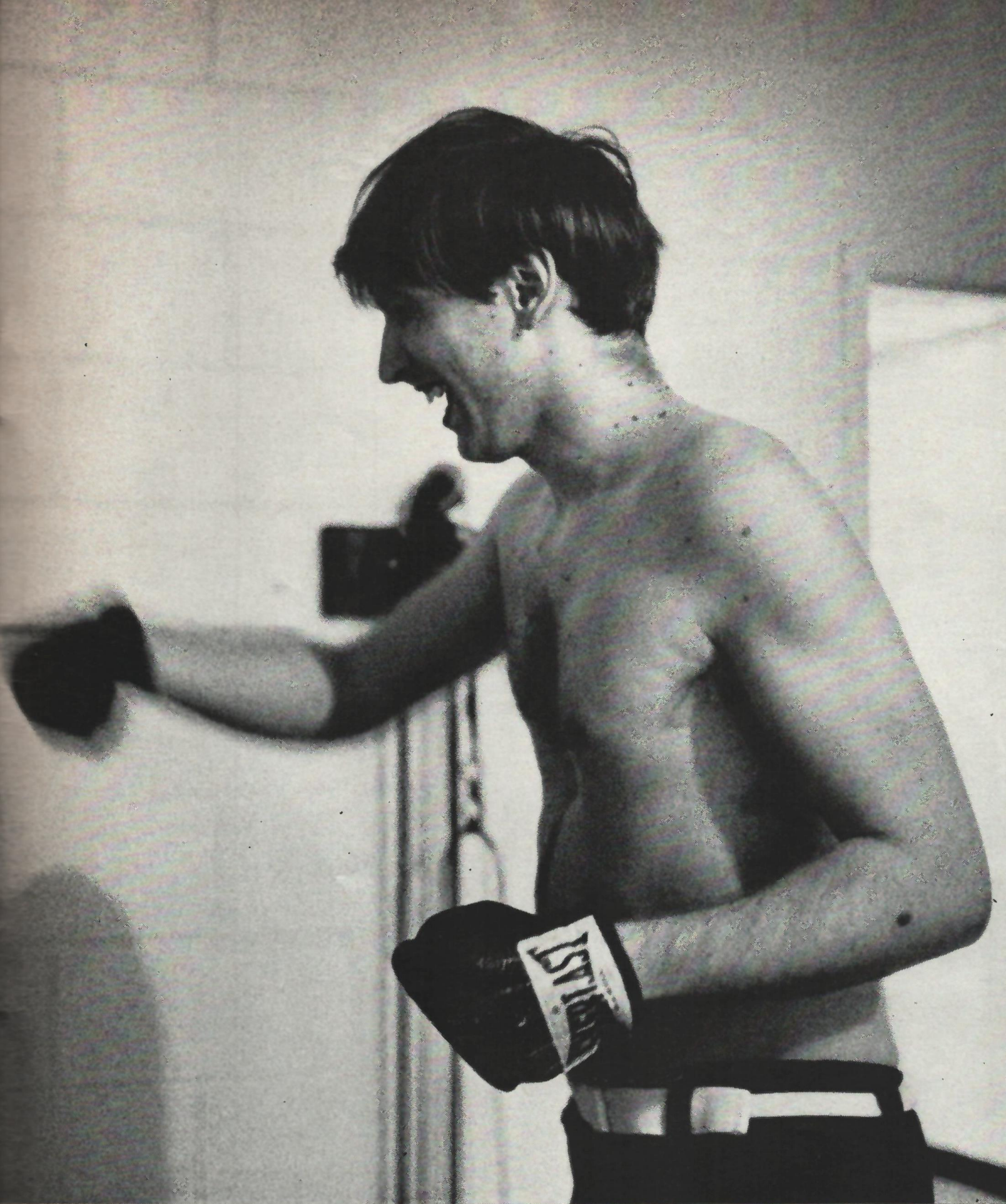
Concentration isn't easy just now. Fischer plays chess politics as ferociously as he plays chess, and in the last six weeks he has opened a brilliant but risky attack on FIDE, the international chess federation. FIDE originally scheduled his match with Spassky in two segments, the first half in Yugoslavia, the second in Iceland. Convinced that he took a rooking in the physical and financial arrangements, Fischer angrily refused to play unless conditions

were improved by both host countries. Yugoslavia had offered \$76,000 prize money, Iceland \$62,500. The usual anti-Fischer anthem arose ("Egomaniac! Quitter! Arrogant bastard! Greedy little punk!") but Fischer would not be diverted.

"People think I'm a prima donna," he told me, "because I objected to the Belgrade and Reykjavik bids. But I'm right to object. Playing either place is bad for me and bad for chess. Yugoslavia was not willing to guarantee the players any definite share in the film and television rights. Would Cassius Clay accept a deal like that? And Iceland, with all due respect,

is just too small and primitive a country to handle an event of this size. Their hall is inadequate and so is their lighting. The country has only one good hotel and the Russians will be staying there too. So will the press. Every time I step out of my room I'll be spied on and badgered.

"On top of that, the head of the Icelandic chess federation has denounced me in the press and said I should forfeit the match. How can I expect fair treatment after that? But the worst thing of all is that there is no way to telecast the match from Iceland to the United States or even to Europe.



That's why the Russians picked Iceland. They know they're going to lose the match, so they figured they might as well bury it. People say I'm arrogant, but I think it's arrogant of Iceland to insist that I play there when I don't want to."

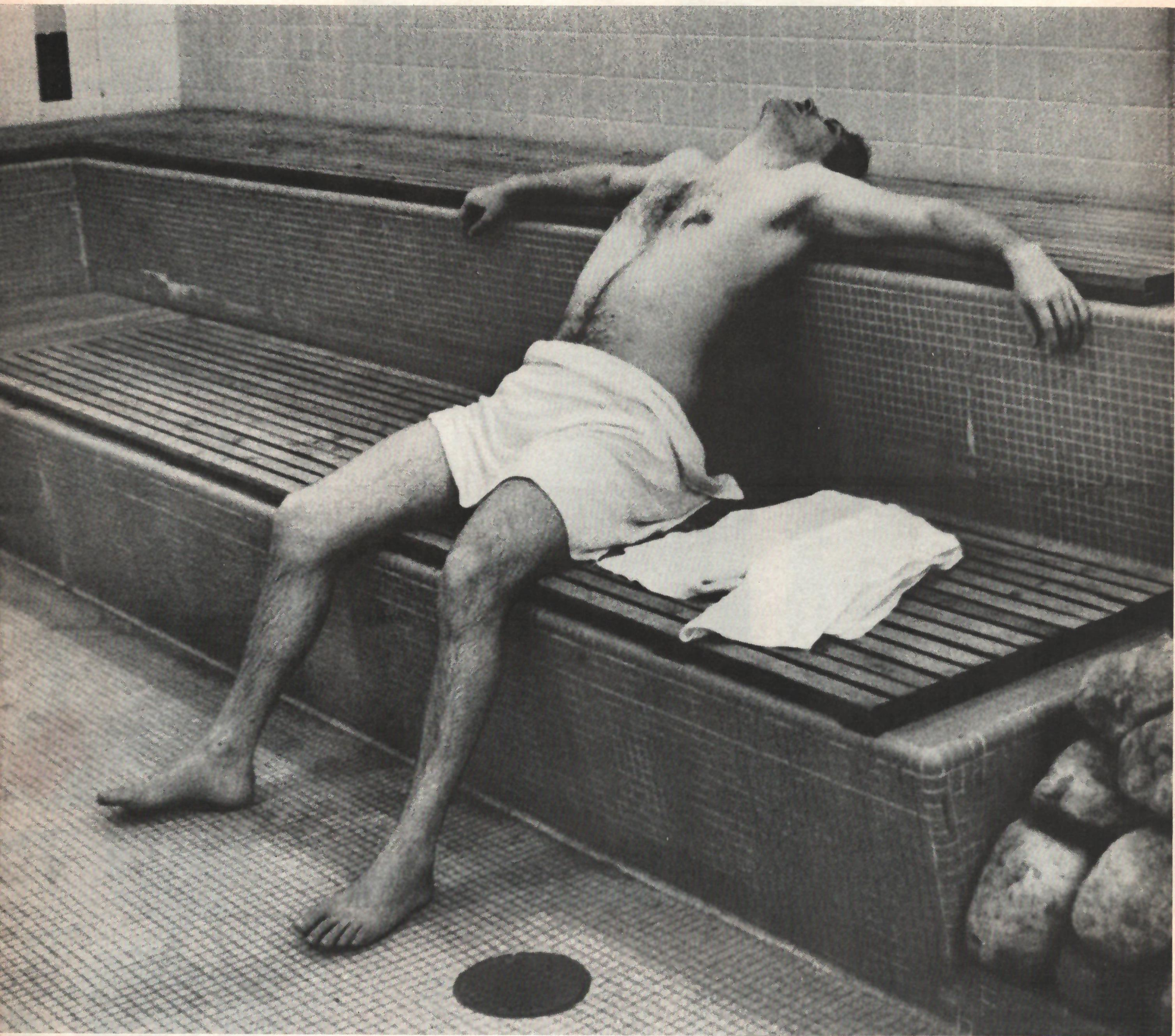
Dr. Max Euwe, a Dutchman who is president of FIDE and a former world champion himself, was not impressed. He gave Fischer only a few days to accept FIDE's conditions or lose his hard-won chance at the title. Before Fischer could respond, Yugoslavia, alarmed by the prospect of further Fischer objections, with-

drew its bid. Fischer hoped that the whole match would now have to be renegotiated, but Euwe countered by scheduling all 24 games in Iceland, a decision that slightly reduced the purse. This time Euwe gave Fischer four days to accept the new conditions. Disgusted, Fischer decided to withdraw from the match. In an effort to dissuade him, Fischer's lawyer called the White House to ask that some influential member of the staff appeal to Fischer's patriotism. A presidential aide did call Grossinger's the next day, but could not get through because Fischer told the operator he was not ac-

cepting calls. ("The way I figure it," the lawyer explained, "that means Bobby Fischer is harder to get on the phone than Chou En-lai.") Nine hours short of the deadline, Fischer was persuaded to announce he would play in Iceland "under protest."

Fischer thrives on such passages at arms. They hone the deadly edge of his will to win. I have never seen in any other man such an obsession with victory. Life to Fischer is total and unrelenting war with everybody and everything. Not to win is not to exist. The ex-marine who manages the health club at Grossing-

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A long night of chess still to go

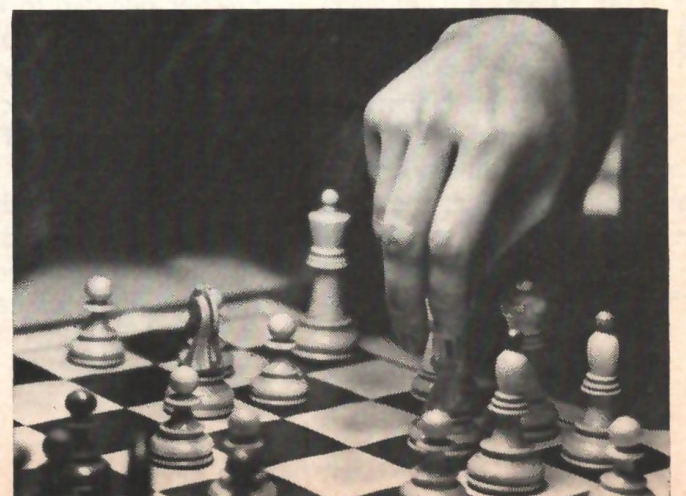
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er's is a better swimmer than Fischer, but when they raced the length of the pool, Fischer released a crazy blast of energy and won by inches. I am a very poor chess player and Fischer can gain absolutely nothing by beating me, but when we played a lightning game one night, he stalked me as wolfishly as he will stalk Spassky and finished me off with fierce delight in less than 20 moves. I am also a very ordinary Ping Pong player, and though

Fischer is quite fast, he isn't really much better. But when we played he attacked me with such icy concentration that I lost by an embarrassing score.

"Did you see those Chinese players on TV?" he crowed. "Don't you think I could beat them? I mean, they're all little guys and look at my reach!" He stretched his arms out wide. "How about that reach! Don't you think with a little training I could beat them?" ■

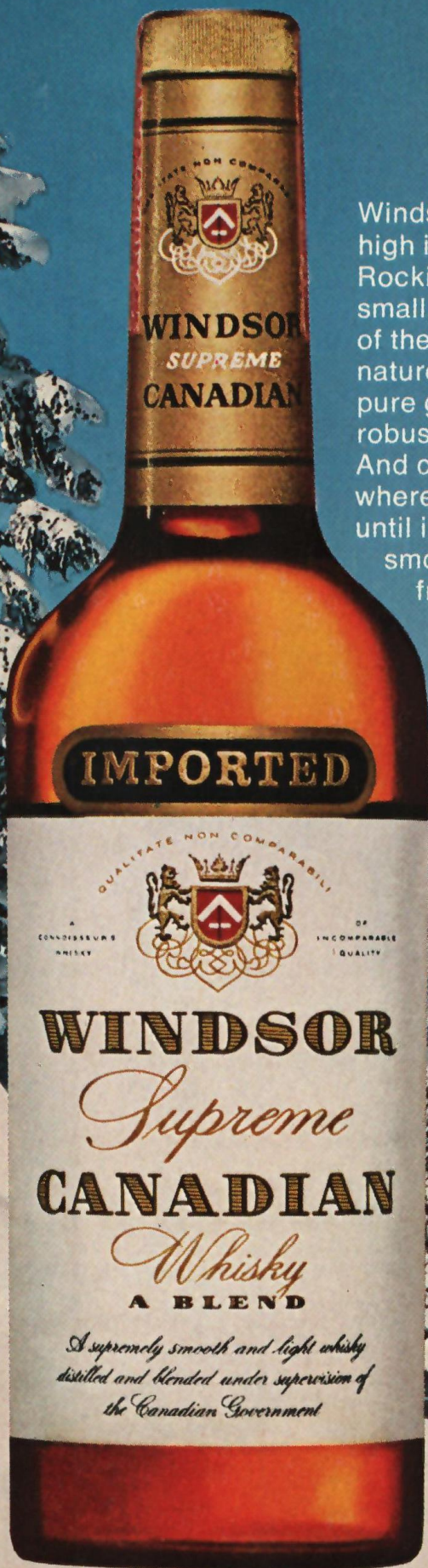
Exhausted, Fischer sprawls in a steam bath (above), ironically named "The Russian Room." Only after sunset does he get around to chess (below).



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Rockies. In a very
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of the world where
nature gives us clear,
pure glacial water and
robust Canadian grains.
And crisp, mile-high air
where Windsor ages
until it becomes the
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WINDSOR
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America's Favorite Cigarette Break.

Benson & Hedges 100's.

Regular & Menthol: 21 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Aug. '71.

